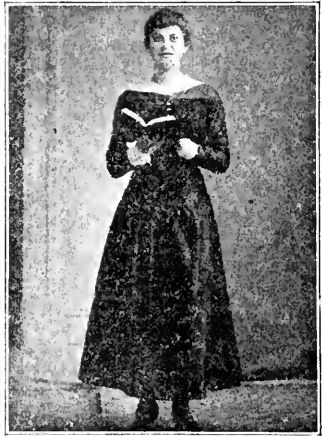




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CORRECT POSITIONS FOR READING

The book should be below the level of the chin, so as not to hide the face and obstruct the voice.



INCORRECT POSITIONS FOR READING

Book too low and close to the body. Neck bent.

Book too high and too near the eyes.

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A HANDBOOK
OF
AMERICAN SPEECH

BY

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PREFACE

The recent revival of interest in Oral English has met with one serious obstacle. It finds few teachers trained in Oral English and able to teach it. No one now questions the desirability of more attention to the oral side of the subject than has been given in the past, but many superintendents and principals hesitate to introduce oral work for lack of properly trained instructors.

There is little doubt that before many years adequate oral endowment and training will come to be a necessary part of the English teacher's equipment. Meanwhile ways must be devised for instructing pupils in the elements of accurate and effective speech.

The writer has frequently been asked to prepare a textbook to be used by teachers without special training. He does not believe that a book can be written which will wholly take the place of personal instruction. He does think, however, that it is not impossible for an untrained teacher to teach some of the fundamental facts of correct speech from a simple text. The HANDBOOK is such a text. It is for use in the English class room and out of it *by the pupil*.

That the HANDBOOK may the more readily be understood by beginning students and untrained teachers, none but common and simple terms have

been used in it; technical terms have been avoided; no terminology has been created. No diacritical marks have been used to puzzle and discourage the beginner and to detract from the vocal aspect of the subject.

The HANDBOOK is suitable for use in any beginning class, whether of college freshmen, high school students, or pupils of upper elementary grades. It is probably not wise to attempt to do much intensive work with children whose voices have not changed. Simple speech defects, however, like those of pronunciation, enunciation, dialect, lispings, etc., should be corrected as early as the intelligence of the child permits—the earlier the better. None but a skillful and experienced teacher should attempt to handle an unchanged or a changing voice.

The exercises and illustrations provided should be put before the pupil when he is practicing, so that he can see as well as hear what he is doing. A MANUAL goes with the HANDBOOK and explains its use. Teachers will find that the best and quickest results will come from following the directions given in the MANUAL. If anyone undertakes to use the HANDBOOK without a teacher, he should procure a MANUAL and follow the directions it contains.

The quotations used as Exercises in the HANDBOOK are taken almost without exception from the masterpieces of English and American literature set for reading and study in the upper grammar grades and the high school. The *Selections for*

Practice are the accumulations of years of teaching declamation. Many were written by college students; others were adaptations from—who knows where?—newspapers, magazines, etc. A few were lifted bodily from easily recognized sources. Because the copies of most of these selections exist only in manuscript form with nothing about the manuscript to indicate the name of the writer, the compiler of the HANDBOOK finds himself unable to make proper acknowledgment of authorship. He apologizes for this inability and thanks the writers who have thus unwittingly contributed to his book.

CALVIN L. LEWIS.

*Hamilton College,
Clinton, New York
1916*

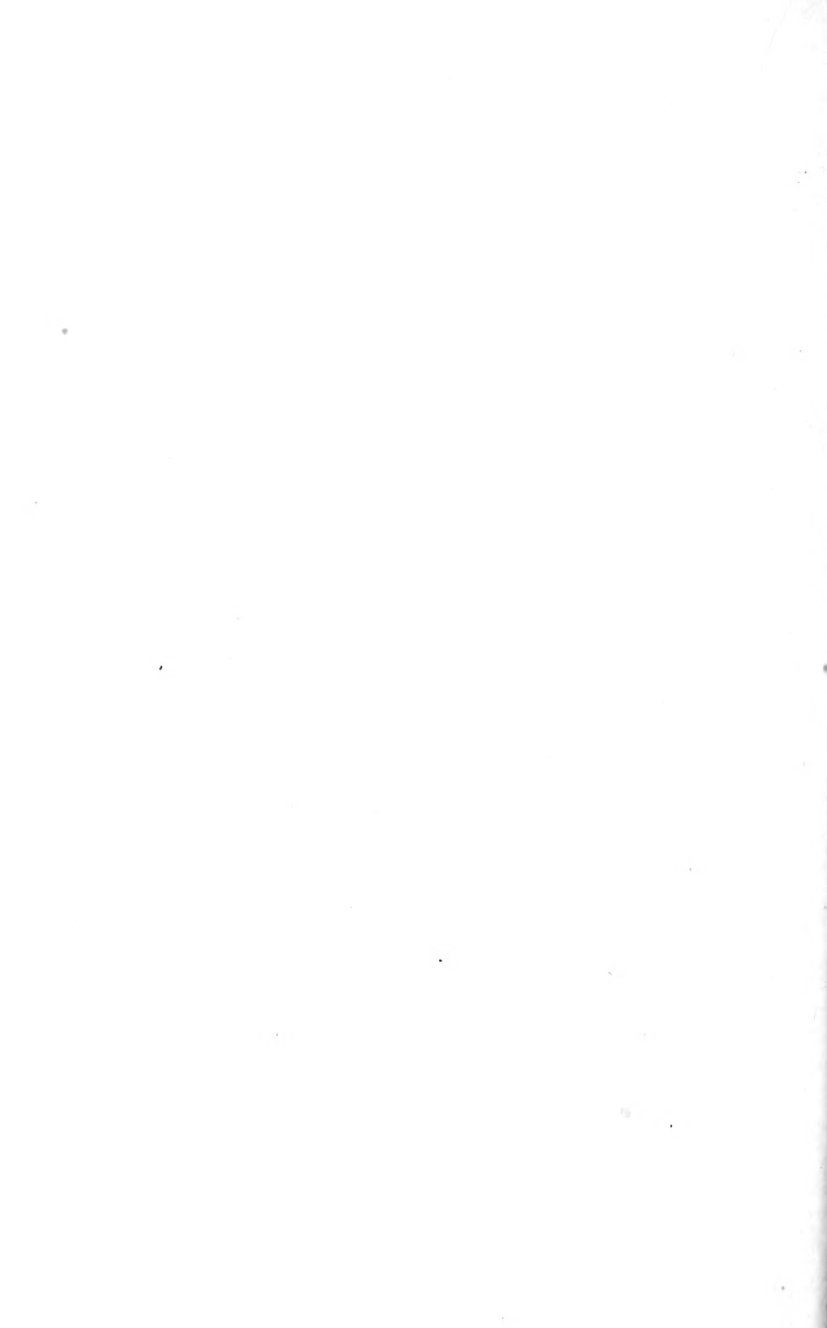


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CHAPTER I

THE ORGANS USED TO PRODUCE SPEECH

1. The Vocal Organs are:

a. A bellows for collecting, compressing, and controlling air (chest, diaphragm, lungs).

b. A pipe connected with this bellows which contains vibrating cords. (Windpipe, larynx, vocal cords.)

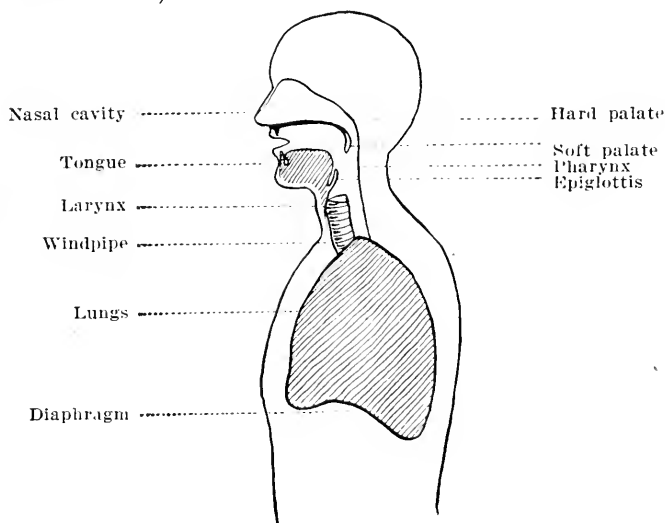


FIG. I

c. Resonators through which sound from the vocal cords passes. (Mouth, pharynx, nasal cavity, etc.)

BREATH

2. How breath is produced. In the upper half of the body is an air-tight cavity known as the chest. The floor of this cavity is a partition which may be raised and lowered at will. In the chest cavity are suspended five lung-lobes, so made and adjusted that no air can pass through them or around them into the chest cavity. The lung lobes are attached at the top by the bronchial tubes to the windpipe. The lungs are composed of masses of minute, elastic cells, each of which connects with a hair-like tube. These tubes connect with other larger tubes, and these with still others until they terminate in bronchial tubes which connect with the windpipe. It should be noted that the lungs are not hollow bags, as many suppose them to be, but a mass of minute, somewhat elastic tubes and air-cells, encased in a flexible, elastic covering.

The bottoms of the lung-lobes are concave and they rest on the convex diaphragm. When normal, the air pressure within the lungs and without is the same. Now, if the diaphragm is flattened and the walls of the lower part of the chest widened, a partial vacuum will be produced within the chest. But "nature abhors a vacuum," and to satisfy this one the air rushes into the lungs through the windpipe and expands the air-cells of the lungs until they become large enough to fill the vacuum. Then the diaphragm and the chest wall contract and press the lungs up against the firm, bony walls of the chest. This pressure, together

with the natural elasticity of the air-cells, forces the air out through the windpipe.

3. Inhalation and exhalation. These two movements, called inhalation and exhalation, are like the movements of the piston of an engine,

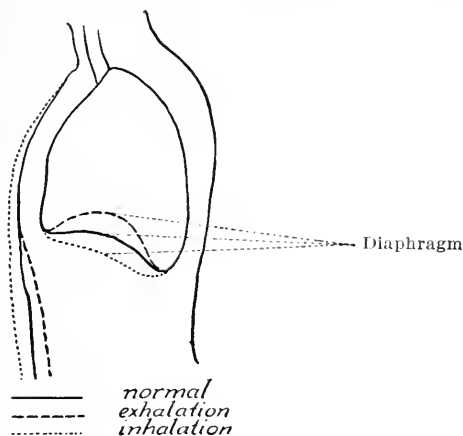


FIG. II

Showing the process of breathing and its effect on the body, diaphragm, and lungs.

and they are repeated continually as long as life lasts.

There are two kinds of breathing: that which is done quietly and without conscious effort, and that which is done forcefully and sometimes voluntarily, as in speaking and singing. The first is wholly involuntary and normal; the second is often partly voluntary. The first is regular and uniform; the second varies in power and rapidity as the voice-demands vary. It is only with the latter so-called forced breathing that we are con-

cerned, for it is the forced breath that causes the vocal cords to vibrate and produce sound.

Hence it is quite evident that if we would learn to control the voice, we must learn to control that which produces the voice—namely, the breath. Just as the violinist learns to control the muscles of fingers, hand, and arm that carry the bow, so must the vocalist learn to control the muscles of the diaphragm and of the lower chest, for these make and manipulate the voice-producing column of air.

4. Breath control. It must be remembered that breathing, when properly done, is done very largely with the bottom of the chest, not with the top. Any system of breathing that causes the chest to heave and the shoulders to rise and fall much, is a faulty system. The movements of chest and shoulders, even in forced breathing, should be slight and hardly perceptible.

To acquire the habit of deep, diaphragmatic breathing requires practice and thoughtful attention. Think always that the breath begins at the waist line, and try to fill the lungs, as you do a bottle, from the bottom up.

5. Exercise. Stand with the body erect but not rigid, feet a little apart, weight equally divided between them and thrown slightly forward, shoulders back, neck straight, chin slightly raised, arms hanging naturally, or hands resting lightly on hips.

Take this position when practicing breathing exercises, and later when practicing vocal exercises.

6. Exercise. Inhale slowly and steadily until the lungs are filled. *Try not to move the chest and shoulders.* Note the tightening of the waist muscles and the pushing out and stiffening of the lower chest and the upper abdomen.

Hold the breath during a slow count of five. (Gradually, in subsequent trials, increase to twelve or fifteen counts.)

Exhale explosively and completely.

Repeat this whole exercise five to ten times.

7. Exercise. Inhale quickly and deeply, as you would between the phrases of a song. *Try not to move the chest and shoulders.*

Count as before.

Exhale slowly and steadily through a small opening in the lips.

A good way to control the exhalation is to whistle softly as long as the breath lasts, trying to make the sound even and steady. A constant effort should be made to restrain the outflow of breath and not to waste it.

Repeat five to ten times.

8. Exercise. Inhale slowly as before.

Count as before.

Exhale slowly as before.

Repeat five to ten times.

9. Exercise. Inhale quickly.

Open the mouth and make the sound *n-n* softly. Hold the sound as long as the breath lasts, trying to keep the tone even and steady.

Repeat five to ten times.

10. Exercise. Inhale quickly.

Open the mouth and make the sound *ha-ha-ha-a-a-a-h*.

Be careful to bring out the *h* each time with a strong impulse and a clearly felt movement of the diaphragm. Prolong the third *ha* twice the time of the other two, and finish it with a distinct *h*. Do not inhale between repetitions. Repeat as long as the breath lasts, and try to make it last as long as possible.

Repeat five to ten times.

11. Exercise. Inhale quickly.

Read or repeat quietly, in a clear voice, and at an ordinary rate a passage with which you are familiar, trying to go as far in it as possible with one breath.

All these exercises may be taken when standing, as prescribed; or when lying flat on the back without a pillow; or when walking. If taken when walking allow the arms to swing freely.

Breathing exercises should be practiced as frequently each day as circumstances permit until the habit of deep, diaphragmatic breathing becomes fixed, and breath control is mastered.

12. Chest breathing. It is sometimes objected that the prescription not to move the chest and shoulders conflicts with the directions given by teachers of physical training. These urge their pupils to raise the chest and shoulders and to expand the chest to its utmost. This conflict is only apparent, for the two plans are in no way at

cross purposes. The physical training teacher endeavors to enlarge the capacity of the lungs and chest. By straightening the back and stretching the intercostal muscles, the physical culture exercises increase the number of cubic inches within the chest. That means more breath, better blood,

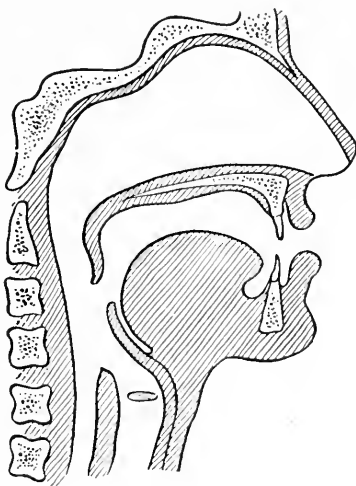


FIG. III

Showing the soft palate hanging naturally so as to permit sound to pass into the upper resonators.

improved digestion, and a dozen other things of inestimable value. The aim of the vocal teacher, however, is different. While he may, and does, enlarge the chest, his primary purpose is to teach the pupil to use what chest space he has, and to use it in the way that will best produce the voice. High chest breathing is useful for expanding the

chest, but it is incompatible with proper voice production.

13. The windpipe and the vocal cords. The windpipe is a tube of rigid cartilage connecting with the tubes leading from the lungs and extending upward in the throat to a point about

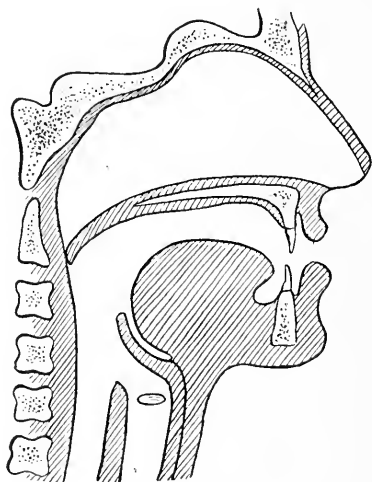


FIG. IV

Showing the soft palate acting as a damper to shut sound out of the upper resonators and cause it all to pass out of the mouth.

half way between the body and the chin. It terminates in a triangular box, also of cartilage, called the larynx. One angle of the larynx is in front and forms a slight protrusion, commonly called the "Adam's apple." Within the larynx and stretched horizontally across it from front to rear are two tape-like strips of yellowish mem-

brane. They are connected with the walls of the larynx, so that the air passing from the lungs must go between them. The edges of these vocal cords come together in front and are attached at the back to two posts of cartilage. When no vocal sound is being produced these posts remain apart, and the vocal cords lie in the shape of the letter V. When a vocal sound is produced, the posts are drawn toward each other until the edges of the vocal cords touch. Then when a column of air is forced between them they vibrate and produce a vocal tone.

14. Sound and speech. It should be noted that the action of the breath on the vocal cords produces nothing more than sound; not sound modified into vowels and consonants, but merely noise such as might come from a clarionet or an organ pipe. All animals have the power to produce sound; some have ability to vary the sound slightly; but only man has the appliances and the intelligence necessary to transform this sound into the elements of speech.

Sounds leaving the vocal cords vary only in volume and pitch. They are then modified by the organs of speech into the speech elements—*vowels* and *consonants*.

15. The organs of speech. The organs of speech are the lips, the cheeks, the teeth, the tongue, the hard palate, the soft palate, and the nasal cavity. Changing the shape of the mouth by changing the relative position of these organs modifies the sound which comes from the vocal

cords into different open sounds called vowels. Restricting or checking vowel sounds produces consonant sounds. Thus are the speech elements formed.

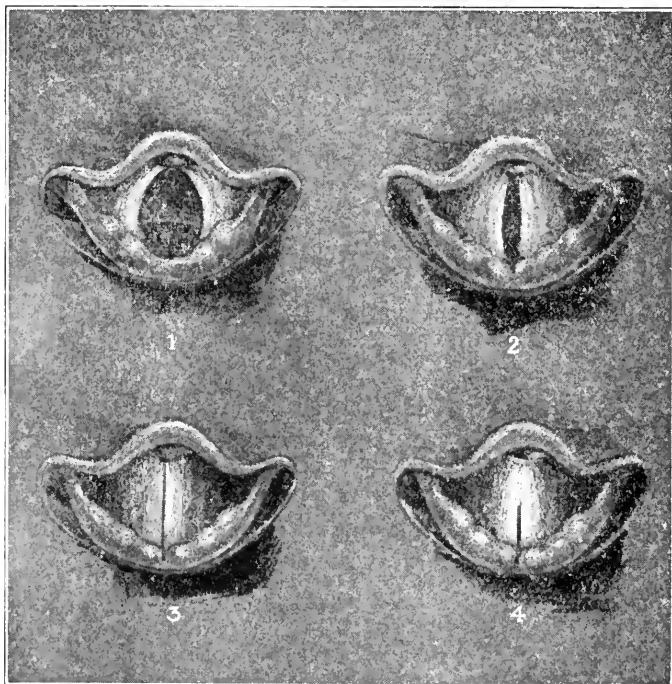


FIG. V .

1. The vocal cords drawn back for quiet breathing.
2. The vocal cords in a whisper.
3. The vocal cords when vibrating their full length.
4. The vocal cords when vibrating half their length.

NOTE: 4 produces a sound an octave higher than 3.

NOTE: For a fuller discussion of the organs used to produce speech and their action the student may refer to *The Natural Method of Voice Production*, by Dr. F. G. Muekey (Scribner's).

CHAPTER II

THE ELEMENTS OF SPEECH

VOWEL SOUNDS

16. A vowel sound is an open sound; that is, it is made with open throat, mouth, teeth, and lips. No part of the resonator may be closed while a vowel is being sounded. Hence a vowel sound may be prolonged as long as forced breath is supplied.

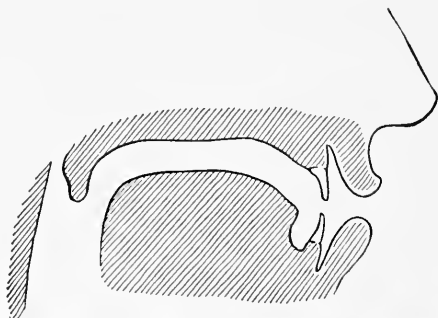
There are twelve (some say thirteen) primary vowel sounds. They are:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. <i>oo</i> as in <i>fool</i> | 5. <i>a</i> as in <i>fat</i> | 9. <i>ay</i> as in <i>fate</i> |
| 2. <i>oo</i> as in <i>foot</i> | 6. <i>ah</i> as in <i>father</i> | 10. <i>eh</i> as in <i>then</i> |
| 3. <i>oh</i> as in <i>blow</i> | 7. <i>er</i> as in <i>her</i> | 11. <i>i</i> as in <i>bit</i> |
| 4. <i>aw</i> as in <i>saw</i> | 8. <i>uh</i> as in <i>up</i> | 12. <i>ee</i> as in <i>beet</i> |

These twelve sounds may, for practical purposes at least, be regarded and used as the primary sounds out of which all the other sounds in American speech are made.

It must be quite evident that to learn to use the language accurately, one must first learn these primary sounds—how to recognize them and how to produce them. This may be done in two ways: by imitation, and by a study of the mechanical adjustment of the organs of speech for each sound. Neither method alone is adequate. Learning by ear is an inaccurate method, for the ear of

the learner may be untrue, or the sounds imitated may not be good models. Learning by position may be difficult because of physical peculiarities



THE OO SOUND



THE OO SOUND—SIDE

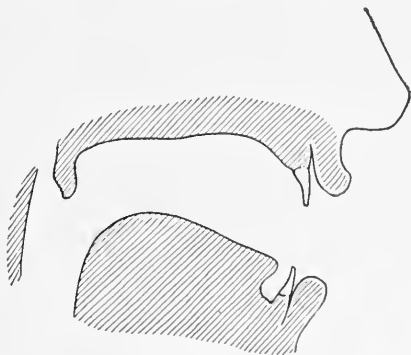


THE OO SOUND—FRONT

of the learner and resultant awkwardness in adjusting the speech organs. The surest way is to use both methods.

17. Exercise. Pronounce first the vowel sound, then the word in the list given on the preceding

page, beginning with *oo* and ending with *ee*. Note carefully the positions of the organs of



THE OH SOUND



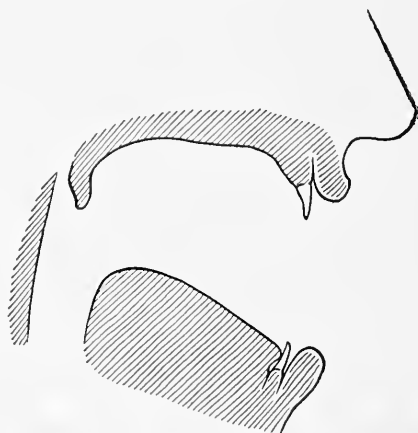
THE OH SOUND—SIDE



THE OH SOUND—FRONT

speech as each is pronounced. If the sound *oo* is correctly made, the mouth will be elongated to its greatest extent from front to rear; the cheeks will be flattened and drawn in against the teeth;

the lips will be pushed forward and puckered, and the soft palate and the tongue drawn backward,



THE AH SOUND



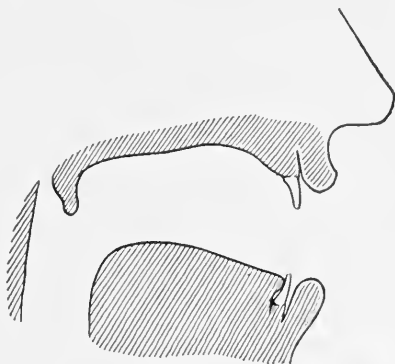
THE AH SOUND—SIDE



THE AH SOUND—FRONT

leaving the longest and narrowest possible opening from front to rear. The aperture between the lips is small and rounded.

As you go down the “scale”—*oh*, *aw*, etc.—the jaws gradually separate, the cheeks relax, and



THE AY SOUND



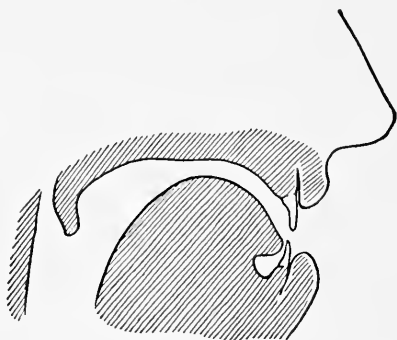
THE AY SOUND—SIDE



THE AY SOUND—FRONT

the tongue flattens, until at *ah* the mouth is in its widest open position with the tongue lying flat and inert on the lower jaw and the soft palate hanging straight down.

From this position the jaws approach each other as the sounds *er*, *uh*, etc., are made, until



THE EE SOUND



THE EE SOUND—SIDE



THE EE SOUND—FRONT

at *ee* they are close together; the lips are drawn tight across the teeth, as in a smile; the cheeks pushed apart and the tongue pushed forward and

up, making, in the resonance chamber, the flattest and broadest possible cavity through which a vowel can pass.

One cannot make the sound *ee* with the resonance chamber and the lips shaped for *oo* or for *ah*, or *vice versa*. Try it and see.

Repeat this "scale" of vocal sounds down and up until you are conscious of the changes in adjustment of the speech organs that have been described. Try to associate each sound with its position, and to remember the position. Practice frequently until the correct habit of producing each sound is fixed.

18. Exercise. Repeat the sounds *oo—oh—ah—ay—ee*.

Make these sounds slowly at first, then increase the speed. Keep each sound separate and distinct. Work for flexibility in the speech organs, particularly in the jaws and lips.

Practice this exercise daily, and frequently each day until each sound is correctly made and until the muscular action is rapid and accurate.

19. Exercise. Repeat in the same way the vowel sounds in pairs, in the order given in the columns below.

<i>oo — oo</i>	<i>oo — uh</i>
<i>oo — oh</i>	<i>oo — ay</i>
<i>oo — aw</i>	<i>oo — eh</i>
<i>oo — a</i>	<i>oo — i</i>
<i>oo — ah</i>	<i>oo — ee</i>
<i>oo — er</i>	

20. Exercise. Repeat in the same way the vowel sounds in pairs, in the order given in the columns below.

<i>ah — oo</i>	<i>ah — uh</i>
<i>ah — oh</i>	<i>ah — ay</i>
<i>ah — aw</i>	<i>ah — eh</i>
<i>ah — a</i>	<i>ah — i</i>
<i>ah — er</i>	<i>ah — ee</i>

21. Exercise. Repeat in the same way the vowel sounds in pairs, in the order given in the columns below.

<i>ee — oo</i>	<i>ee — er</i>
<i>ee — oh</i>	<i>ee — uh</i>
<i>ee — aw</i>	<i>ee — ay</i>
<i>ee — a</i>	<i>ee — eh</i>
<i>ee — ah</i>	<i>ee — i</i>

QUALITY OF TONE

As yet no attention has been given to the quality of tone produced in these exercises. Quality is of no less importance than accuracy, and an acceptable quality should be cultivated from the beginning.

22. What qualities should a voice have? To be of greatest use, a voice should be *clear* and *agreeable*.

23. A voice should be clear. No voice is useful or pleasant to listen to unless it is clear. A clear voice is free from obstruction of all sorts. A voice may be obstructed in various ways: by

throat contraction, by nasality, by a stiff tongue, by rigid jaws, by set lips, and by breathiness.

24. Throat contraction. When the mouth is open for speech or song, the jaw should drop largely of its own weight as it does in a yawn. No great muscular effort should be made to pull it down. Such effort is one of the most common forms of throat contraction. Speaking in a key above or below the normal pitch of the voice is another source of throat contraction. Do not strain the voice beyond its proper range. Speaking louder than is natural is a third source of throat strain, especially when the voice is pitched too high. Regulate the volume of your voice to your vocal capacity. Faulty practice, tight collars, nervousness, embarrassment, and other minor matters may contribute to a tightened throat and the resultant throatiness of tone.

Try to overcome throat contraction by the removal of its cause, whatever that may be. In practicing the exercises think to keep the throat free and open and relaxed.

25. Nasality. A second hindrance to clearness is nasality. Nasality is caused by an abnormal physical condition or by faulty handling of the palate. The palate is the damper (See Fig. IV.) which determines how much breath or tone shall go into the nose and how much into the mouth. If the muscles controlling the palate do not operate normally, as in the condition of partial paralysis frequently following diphtheria, the palate may be allowed to hang too far forward and thus direct

too much tone into the nasal cavity. Any nasal obstruction may likewise produce a nasal tone,—adenoids, spurs, cold in the head. Such conditions reduce clearness and should be remedied. Absence of muscular dexterity in the tongue, jaws, and lips is a third source of hindrance to clearness. These organs should be so trained that they do not offer undue obstructions to vocal sounds. Learn to open the jaws and to speak with flexible tongue and lips. Exercises already given for the vowel sounds will aid in this. So will later exercises for consonantal sound.

26. Breathiness. A third cause of obscurity is breathiness. When a clear tone is produced the edges of the vocal cords are close together. If for any reason they become separated while a tone is being produced, too much breath is allowed to escape and the tone is breathy. If the cords are widely apart the result is a whisper. To correct such a tone the breath must be controlled so that only just enough air is forced between the vocal cords to produce the tone desired. Intelligent effort to regulate the supply of forced breath will remove the breathy quality from the voice.

While the exercises prescribed in this book will help to produce clearness of tone, it may be necessary at the beginning to obtain the help of a competent teacher of the voice, for here imitation may most quickly and surely induce correct tone formation.

27. A voice should be agreeable. Sounds that are displeasing or offensive should be

carefully eliminated. Some of these are the nasal and throaty tones already mentioned; others are shrill, whining, querulous, thick, muffled, gruff, grunting, etc. The voice is, and should be, an index of the personality of the speaker; it is always so considered by those who hear it. One should, therefore, eliminate from the voice those qualities likely to impress a listener disagreeably. If one does not wish to be thought a fault-finder, a scold, a dolt, or a pig he should not talk like one.

28. Exercise for tone quality.

a. Breathe deeply.

b. Softly hum *m-m-m* with the lips closed. Try not to make the tone either hard or nasal, but let it vibrate all through the resonators. If properly done this exercise will relax the muscles used in producing the voice and will reduce interference. The humming will be most effective if it is in short, quick sounds, rather than long, sustained ones. The more of such practice of humming the better.

c. When a soft, clear, resonant hum (with the lips closed) is mastered, let the lips part slightly. This will produce the sound *mee*. Practice this sound softly at first, then with increasing volume. Gradually let the mouth open wider so that the tones *i—ay—uh*, and finally *ah* are added.

d. With the *ah* once established, the work of developing the voice is well started. Any attempt to force a beginning from a contracted *ah* will only bring trouble and delay. The tone must be a free and relaxed one.

NOTE: Practically all voice culture begins with an open, relaxed *ah* sound, and this sound must be established correctly. The reasons are apparent; it is the widest, freest of all tones; it is the one first uttered; it is common to all languages; its position is between the elongated open *oo* and the flattened *ee*. It is not difficult to work from the *ah* position to any other. It is necessary, therefore, to know how to make the *ah* sound well. Practice the exercise for it frequently. Sound it at the most comfortable pitch, softly at first, and in the freest, easiest way possible. Keep it forward out of the throat and down out of the nose, and do not obstruct it by teeth or lips. The help of an instructor may be necessary; if so, get it. It will be hard to go forward in voice work until you can make a good *ah*.

29. Exercise. Having established an *ah* of satisfactory quality somewhere in the middle voice, say at *a* below middle *c* of the treble scale, try to make the note next above and the one next below in the same position and with the same quality, thus:



Use plenty of breath. Make the tones slow, smooth, steady, and uniform. Let one note slur into the next with little change except in pitch. Repeat frequently.

30. Exercise. This exercise is to be done in the same way as the previous one.

Repeat frequently.



31. Exercise. Continue to extend the range of the *ah* up and down the scale until an octave of eight full notes is covered. Practice scales and



Twice with one breath

Three times with one breath

arpeggios, and octaves, using the *ah* sound, until it can be produced well on each tone. This should be a daily exercise.

Repeat frequently.

The *ah* sound under control, the next step will be to extend the practice to the other primary sounds.

32. Exercise. *a.* Keeping in mind the clear, open, forward quality of the *ah*, sound alternately the vowels *ah—oh—ah*, on the note *a*.

Repeat frequently.



b. Do the same with *ah* and *ay*.

c. Do the same with *ah* and *oo*.

d. Do the same with *ah* and *ee*.

33. Exercise. *a.* Sound the notes below, alternating *ah—oh—ah*, thus:



b. Do the same with *ah* and *ay*.

c. Do the same with *ah* and *oo*.

d. Do the same with *ah* and *ee*.

34. Exercise. *a.* Sound the notes below, alternating *ah* and *oh*, thus:



b. Do the same with *ah* and *ay*.

c. Do the same with *ah* and *oo*.

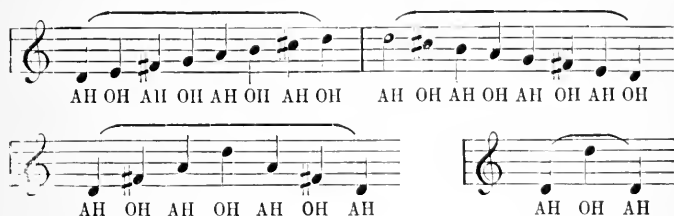
d. Do the same with *ah* and *ee*.

35. Exercise. a. Sound the notes below, alternating *ah* and *oh*, thus:

b. Do the same with *ah* and *ay*.

c. Do the same with *ah* and *oo*.

d. Do the same with *ah* and *ee*.



NOTE: It will be helpful when practicing these exercises if the mental and emotional attitude of pupils is properly directed. If the pupil is alert, interested, quick to respond to suggestion; and if he is happy and enjoys the exercise—as one has put it, “if there is a cheery smile” in the tones—the value of these exercises will be tripled. The teacher should use the utmost tact and patience and skill to make the practice a happy one. If the teacher or pupils rebel against the work or are indifferent to it, the greater part of its value is lost.

36. Mixed vowel sounds. Without giving further attention for the present to tone quality, let us examine the other unobstructed elements of our speech, namely the *Mixed Vowel Sounds*.

Recall first the *Primary Vowel Sounds*:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. <i>oo</i> as in <i>fool</i> | 5. <i>a</i> as in <i>fat</i> | 9. <i>ay</i> as in <i>fate</i> |
| 2. <i>oo</i> as in <i>foot</i> | 6. <i>ah</i> as in <i>father</i> | 10. <i>eh</i> as in <i>then</i> |
| 3. <i>oh</i> as in <i>blow</i> | 7. <i>er</i> as in <i>her</i> | 11. <i>i</i> as in <i>bit</i> |
| 4. <i>aw</i> as in <i>saw</i> | 8. <i>uh</i> as in <i>up</i> | 12. <i>ee</i> as in <i>beet</i> |

If the exercises have been done carefully, it will have been noticed that when any one of these sounds is made the organs of speech take a definite position and maintain it without change until the next sound is made. Any change in the position of the organs of speech changes the vowel; this is why these vowels are called primary or single. In the exercises described every effort should be made to avoid changing the vowel while it is being sounded.

37. How mixed vowel sounds are made. In some vowel sounds it is necessary to change the position of the organs of speech from the position of one primary sound to that of another. Vowels so produced are said to be mixed or secondary. Those made by one shifting are:

- | |
|--|
| 13. <i>ew</i> as in <i>few</i> = <i>ee</i> (feet) and <i>oo</i> (fool) blended |
| 14. <i>ai</i> as in <i>high</i> = <i>ah</i> (father) and <i>i</i> (bit) blended |
| 15. <i>ow</i> as in <i>now</i> = <i>ah</i> (father) and <i>oo</i> (fool) blended |
| 16. <i>oy</i> as in <i>boy</i> = <i>aw</i> (saw) and <i>i</i> (bit) blended |

In each of these mixed vowel sounds one of its component sounds does and should predominate. Thus: in *few* the *ee* is very brief, and the *oo* prolonged. In *high* the *ah* is long and the *i* very short. In *now* and *boy*, the first element is long and the second short.

38. Errors in mixed vocal sounds. Because of ignorance or carelessness many errors creep into the American speech through improper handling of mixed vowels. These errors are of four kinds.

(1) Omitting one of the vowel elements. For example, *new* is frequently pronounced *noo*, the position of *ee* being omitted.

(2) Making a short vowel element long. For example, *mine* is sometimes pronounced *mah-een* as if it had two syllables.

(3) Using a wrong sound for one element. For example, *cow*, in some rural sections, is pronounced *ca-oo*, instead of *cah-oo*.

(4) Separating vowel elements instead of blending them quickly. This is heard in certain drawling dialect like, *Yoo-er ha-er is brah-oon*.

It is essential, therefore, that the pupil first learn how to make all the primary sounds correctly, second what primary sounds are used in each mixed sound, and third which sound is short and which long.

39. Exercise. Pronounce.

13. <i>ew</i>	14. <i>ai</i>	15. <i>ow</i>	16. <i>oy</i>
few	kind	down	toil
cue	guile	shout	boy
duke	sky	howl	loin
fume	quite	mound	soil
tune	lie	cloud	coin

Care should be exercised not to separate the primary sounds in these words. They should be

blended so as to produce, in effect, a single mixed sound, not separate sounds.

In these sixteen sounds are all the necessary vowel elements for learning American speech. These should be practiced alone and in relation to each other until each can be uttered correctly.

40. How vowel sounds are spelled. The vowel sounds of American speech are spelled in a vast variety of ways, and these ways must be learned. It is not best to attempt to learn all the spellings of a sound when one is beginning to learn the language. Learn the sounds themselves first, then let the recognition of the various written forms grow gradually.

41. Here are some of the common forms that each sound takes. The list is not exhaustive. Pronounce:

1. *oo* — fool, wound, tomb, fruit, rheumatism, through, shoe.
2. *oo* — foot, put, could, woman.
3. *oh* — blow, bone, goat, soul, owe, foe, sew, though, oh, beau, yeoman.
4. *aw* — saw, sauce, fall, cloth, caught, cough, broad, orb.
5. *a* — fat, plaid, guarantee, wear.
6. *ah* — father, hurrah, boa.
7. *er* — her, fur, sir, were, word, journey, earth, myrtle, colonel.
8. *uh* — up, son, touch, flood, does.
9. *ay* — fate, gain, pay, vein, they, great, gaol, gauge, aye, weigh, straight.
10. *eh* — them, head, any, bury, said, heifer, leopard, guess, says.

11. *i*—bit, hymn, pretty, England, busy, sieve, breeches, build.
 12. *ee*—beat, heat, scene, ceiling, niece, machine, people, key, mosquito, quay, vehicle.
 13. *ew*—few, tune, due, suit, feud, yule, you, lieu, view, beauty, ewe.
 14. *ai*—high, kind, try, tie, dye, sign, sigh, guide, buy, aisle, eye.
 15. *ow*—now, doubt, bough.
 16. *oy*—boy, coin, quoit, buoy.

42. Mixed vowels with *r*.

a. In addition to the vowel sounds described, there are several which are found in combination with the consonant *r*. They are:

Diphthongs—

ear (fear) = *i* (bit) + *er* (her)
air (hair) = *a* (fat) + *er* (her)
oor (poor) = *oo* (foot) + *er* (her)
oar (hoar) = *oh* (blow) + *er* (her)

Triphthongs

ure (cure) = *i* (bit) + *oo* (foot) + *er* (her)
our (hour) = *ah* (father) + *oo* (foot) + *er* (her)
ire (fire) = *ah* (father) + *i* (bit) + *er* (her)

b. It will be seen that the effect of the terminal *r* sound is to add another vowel (*er*) to the one preceding it. Thus the word *ear* is made up of the sound *i* (bit) and *er* blended; *hair* is *a* and *er*; and so on.

c. In the triphthongs two vowels are blended

and followed by the same *er* sound. Thus *cure* is *i* (bit) and *oo* blended and *er* added to that; *our* is *ah* and *oo* blended and *er* added; *fire* is *ah* and *i* blended and *er* added.

d. Just how much value shall be given to the terminal *r* is a matter of endless dispute. Opinions differ vastly. One extreme opinion holds that the terminal *r* should disappear altogether, and that *fear* should be pronounced *fee-ah*; *hair*, *ha-ah*; etc. Those on the other extreme hold that the final *r* should be clearly rolled or trilled, as the case may be; and that *fear* should be pronounced *fear-r-r*; *hair*, *hair-r-r*.

e. It is the belief of the writer that the truth lies between these two extremes. While it is true that most English people neglect or altogether omit the final *r*, and many Americans, particularly those of the upper classes in our large cities, contrive to forget it, it is nevertheless true that the vast majority of the educated men and women in America who are simple and unaffected do retain a distinct trace of the terminal *r*. The writer is reluctant to believe that we are ready to dispense with this useful sound.

The same can be said of the *r* which occurs in the middle of a word. Take, for example, the word "farmer." It is pronounced *fahmeh* by some, *fahmer* by some, and *farmer* by some, and occasionally one goes so far as to say *farmerr*. It seems that the best practice is to retain both sounds, but to soften them so that they are not harsh and offensive.

f. The retention of the *r* within a word or at its end is sometimes the only way of differentiating it from another similar word. The lack of an *r* is felt by many to be nothing more than affectation. For these and other reasons it seems unwise to discard the *r*. The time may come when this most difficult sound will disappear from the American speech. For the present, however, let us be satisfied to modify it—not eliminate it.

g. This discussion has nothing to do with the initial *r*. That will be considered with other consonants.

CONSONANT SOUNDS

43. Definition. As the etymology of the word indicates, a consonant sound is a sound made with and by the help of another sound. The other sound is, of course, a vowel. Consonants are formed by obstructing or stopping vowels with some of the speech organs. If instead of letting a vowel out naturally through the mouth, the lips are closed and the sound is turned up through the nose, the nasal consonant *m* is formed. If the tongue and palate are used to turn the sound into the nose, the sound *n* or *ng* is formed. If the palate slightly back of the teeth and the base of the tongue impede the vowel, a guttural consonant is formed—*g*, *k*, *y*, *q*, etc. If the tongue is used against the hard palate to modify the vowel a lingual consonant is formed—*l*, *r*. If the vowel is restricted or stopped by pressing the tongue

against the teeth, a dental consonant is formed—*t, d, s*, etc. If the lips check or stop a vowel a labial consonant is formed—*p, b, f, v, wh, w, m*.

44. Classification. Thus it will be seen that not all consonant sounds in words can properly be prolonged, as vowel sounds are. Hence the following classifications of consonants:

a. Stops—*p, b, t, d, k, g, c* (hard), *ch* (hard), *q* and *x*.

b. Continuants—*wh, w, f, v, th* (soft), *th* (hard), *s, z, sh, zh, y, m, n, ng, l*, and *r, ch* (soft), and *j*.

45. Pairs of Consonants. Several consonants arrange themselves naturally in pairs—

<i>p</i>	<i>b</i>
<i>f</i>	<i>v</i>
<i>wh</i>	<i>w</i>
<i>t</i>	<i>d</i>
<i>th</i> (hard)	<i>th</i> (soft)
<i>s</i>	<i>z</i>
<i>sh</i>	<i>zh</i>
<i>ch</i> (soft)	<i>j</i>
<i>k</i>	<i>g</i> (hard)

In making the two sounds in any pair the same organs of speech are used, and these organs are used in the same way, except that the first named of each pair is merely a blowing sound, whereas the second is a murmur. The first are called *surds*, the second *sonants*.

46. Exercise. Pronounce the following, first surd, then sonant; give each consonant sound an exaggerated distinctness.

Surds Sonants

pop	— bob
fear	— veer
tight	— died
wheel	-- weal
thin	— this
sis	— ziz
ashen	— azure
church	— judge
kick	— gig

The sharp, explosive, forward sound of the surds is distinctly different from the dull, rumbling, throaty sounds of the sonants.

47. Table. The following table (Bell's) shows at a glance the character of each consonant sound and the organs used in making it:

	STOPS		CONTINUANTS		NASALS (Con.)
	Surds	Sonants	Surds	Sonants	Sonants
Lips.....	P	B	WH	W	M
Lips and Teeth.....	F	V
Tongue and Teeth.....	TH	DH
Tongue and Hard Palate forward	T	D	S	Z, R, L	N
Tongue and Hard Palate back	CH	J	SH	ZH, R
Tongue, Hard Palate, and Soft Palate.....	Y
Tongue and Soft Palate.	K	G	NG
Aspirate.....	H

48. Labials.

- wh* is made by pushing the lips forward and rounding them into a small opening through which the aspirant *h* and the vowel are blown.

Pronounce *where, when, why*.

2. *w* is made in the same way as *wh* except that the aspirant *h* is lacking and the throat murmur is added.
Pronounce *we*, *want*, *will*.



THE W SOUND

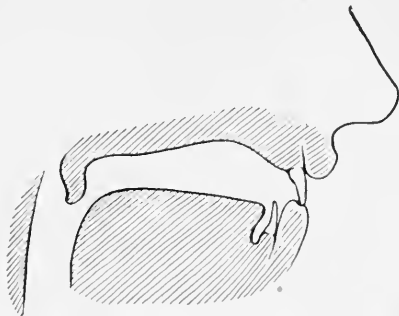


THE W SOUND—SIDE



THE W SOUND—FRONT

3. *f* is a soft hissing sound between the lower lip and the upper teeth. Pronounce *fit, fifty, fife*.



THE F SOUND



THE F SOUND—SIDE



THE F SOUND—FRONT

4. *v* is a hard murmured hissing between the lower lip and the teeth. It is the same as *f* with a throat murmur added. Pronounce *vim, vivid, verve*.

5. *p* is a soft puffing sound through the lips.
Pronounce *pup*, *papa*, *peep*.



THE P SOUND—SIDE



THE P SOUND—FRONT

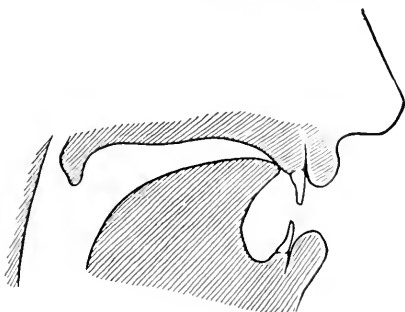
6. *b* is a hard murmured puffing sound through the lips. It is the same as *p* with a throat murmur added.
Pronounce *bob*, *bobbin*, *bib*.
7. *m* is both a labial and a nasal. It is made by closing the lips and turning the sound into the nasal cavity. Like *b* it also has the throat murmur.
Pronounce *my*, *mamma*, *mum*.

49. Dentals.

1. *t* is a soft explosive sound produced by thrusting the tip of the tongue lightly against the hard palate just above the front teeth, and then suddenly blowing

it away, letting the sound rush out under the upper teeth.

Pronounce *tot, tatter, taut*.



THE T SOUND

2. *d* is the same as *t* with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *dad, added, did*.

3. *s* is a soft hissing sound made by holding the tip of the tongue close to the hard



THE S SOUND

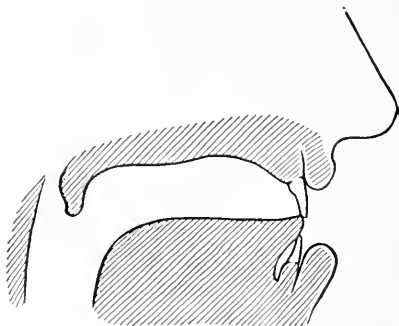
palate above the front teeth, and blowing out softly between them.

Pronounce *sit, sister, sis*.

4. *z* is the same as *s* with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *zest*, *huzza*, *buzz*.

5. *th* (soft) is a soft blowing sound made by holding the tip of the tongue close to the lower edge of the upper teeth, and fore-



THE TH SOUND



THE TH SOUND—SIDE



THE TH SOUND—FRONT

ing the air out between the tongue and the teeth.

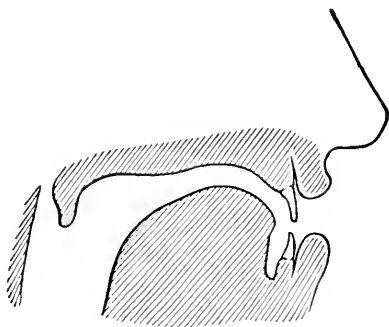
Pronounce *thin, smithy, death*.

6. *th* (hard) is the same as *th* (soft) with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *this, father, smooth*.

7. *sh* (soft) is a soft blowing sound made by drawing back the tongue, raising the center of it until it is close to the back of the hard palate, and blowing the sound out over the tongue.

Pronounce *sheet, passion, push*.



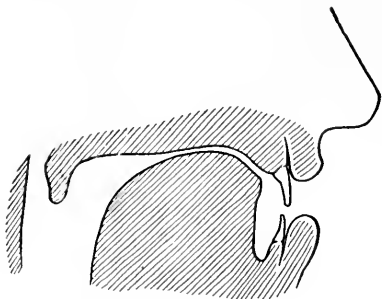
THE SH SOUND

8. *zh* is the same as *sh* (soft) with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *pleasure, treasure, azure*.

9. *ch* (soft) is a soft explosive sound made by flattening the tongue against the hard palate, and suddenly blowing the air out between them.

Pronounce *chin, teacher, church*.



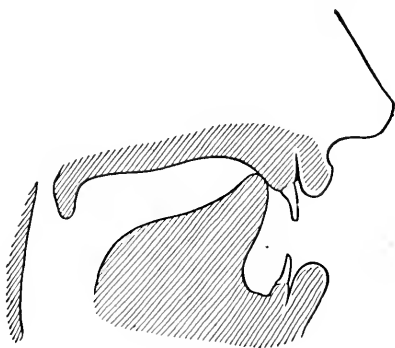
THE CH (SOFT) SOUND

10. *j* is the same as *ch* with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *joy*, *injure*, *judge*.

50. Linguals.

1. *l* is a soft liquid murmur made by pressing the tip of the tongue against the



THE L SOUND

hard palate and letting the sound escape at the two sides of the tongue. Pronounce *life*, *lily*, *lull*.



THE L SOUND—SIDE



THE L SOUND—FRONT

2. *r* is made by pressing the edges of the tongue against the upper double teeth on either side and holding the tip of the tongue close to the hard palate, letting the sound out over it.

Pronounce *rend*, *terror*, *rear*.

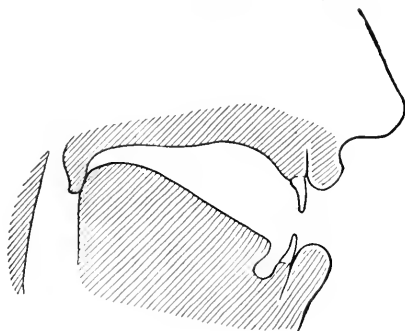


THE R SOUND

51. Palatals.

1. *k* is a soft explosive sound made by pressing the back of the tongue against the soft palate and suddenly blowing them apart.

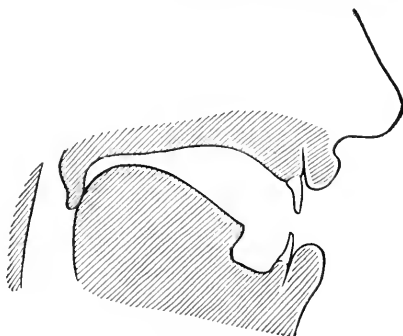
Pronounce *key*, *flicker*, *kick*.



THE K SOUND

2. *g* (hard) is the same as *k* with a throat murmur added.

Pronounce *gun*, *ragged*, *gag*.



THE Y SOUND

3. *y* is made by curving the center of the tongue up against the hard palate and letting the sound out over the tongue. Pronounce *you, young, beyond*.
4. *q* is a combination of *k* and *w*. It is made by sounding a *k*, with the lips in the position for a *w*.
Pronounce *quick, queer, bequeath*.
5. *x* is a combination of *k* and *s*. It is made by sounding a *k* and shifting quickly to the *s* position, so that the two sounds almost blend.
Pronounce *extra, inexact, convex*.

52. Nasals.

1. *m* see *m* under Labials.
2. *n* is a soft singing sound made by closing the mouth cavity with the sides and tip of the tongue, and turning the sound into the nasal cavity.
Pronounce *near, unknown, noon*.



THE N SOUND

3. *ng* is made by closing the mouth cavity with the back of the tongue and the soft palate, and turning the sound into the nasal cavity. This is really a second sound of *n* and not a *g* sound.
Pronounce *flung, singing, rang*.

THE SPELLING OF CONSONANT SOUNDS

53. Here are some of the *common forms* which the consonant sounds take. Pronounce:

<i>wh</i>	<i>whistle.</i>
<i>w</i>	<i>we, square, choir, one.</i>
<i>f</i>	<i>fix, stiff, physics, tough, calf, soften, sapphire, diphtheria.</i>
<i>v</i>	<i>vast, helve, halve, of, nephew.</i>
<i>p</i>	<i>pet, steppe, happy, hiccough.</i>
<i>b</i>	<i>bet, plebe, ebb, cupboard.</i>
<i>m</i>	<i>met, summer, phlegm, psalm, jamb, hymn, programme, drachm.</i>
<i>t</i>	<i>tip, bitter, pressed, thyme, two, debt, indict, receipt, yacht, waste.</i>
<i>d</i>	<i>deal, add, loved, horde, should.</i>
<i>s</i>	<i>see, bless, pulse, waltz, dance, cease, scene, coalesce, schism, sword, listen, isthmus, psalm, distress.</i>
<i>z</i>	<i>zeal, dizzy, frieze, his, scissors, cleanse, discern, czar, business, venison, beaux.</i>
<i>th</i> (soft)	<i>thin, eighth, breath.</i>
<i>th</i> (hard)	<i>this, breathe, soothe.</i>
<i>sh</i>	<i>sheet, sugar, chaise, assure, official, vitiate, fashion, Asia, social, ocean, conscience, motion, fuchsia, pshaw.</i>

<i>zh</i>	<i>azure, measure, glazier, diversion, rouge.</i>
<i>ch</i> (soft)	<i>church, ditch, niche, luncheon, righteous, cello.</i>
<i>j</i>	<i>just, gist, hinge, adjure, judge.</i>
<i>l</i>	<i>little, flannel, musical, victuals, fulfill, thistle.</i>
<i>r</i>	<i>roar, rhetoric, wrong, merry, corps.</i>
<i>k</i>	<i>kick, cow, havoc, scone, shack, ache, account, liquor, barque, walk, viscount.</i>
<i>g</i> (hard)	<i>get, egg, ghost, league.</i>
<i>y</i>	<i>yes, minion, hallelujah, civilian, cotillon, cañon.</i>
<i>q</i>	<i>queer, acquiesce, quell.</i>
<i>x</i>	<i>extra, tacks, havocs, achcs, bargues, walks.</i>
<i>n</i>	<i>not, gnaw, thinner, John, knife, pneumonia, Lincoln, Wednesday, borne.</i>
<i>ng</i>	<i>thing, handkerchief, tongue, anxious.</i>

CHAPTER III

SOUNDS COMBINED INTO WORDS

Having learned how to make the different sounds of the language alone, we should next learn how to make them combined in words.

54. Exercise. Pronounce accurately the following words containing double consonant sounds preceding long vowels:

	<i>ee</i>	<i>ay</i>	<i>ah</i>	<i>oh</i>	<i>oo</i>
<i>bl</i>	bleed	blade	block	blow	bloom
<i>br</i>	breed	brave	Brahma	brogue	broom
<i>dr</i>	dream	dray	drop	drove	droop
<i>fl</i>	fleet	flay	flock	floe	flume
<i>fr</i>	free	fray	from	fro	fruit
<i>gl</i>	gleam	glaze	gloss	glory	gloom
<i>gr</i>	grieve	grade	grog	grove	groom
<i>kl</i>	clean	clay	clock	cloak	clout
<i>kr</i>	cream	crave	crock	crow	croon
<i>kw</i>	queen	quail	quad	quote
<i>pl</i>	please	play	plaza	plume
<i>pr</i>	preach	prate	prod	prone	prove
<i>sf</i>	sphere
<i>shr</i>	shriek	shrove	shrewd
<i>sk</i>	skii	skate	scar	scope	scout
<i>sl</i>	sleet	slate	slop	slope	sloop
<i>sm</i>	smear	smock	smote	smooth
<i>sn</i>	sneak	snake	snob	snow	snood
<i>sp</i>	speed	spade	spar	spoke	spoon
<i>st</i>	steed	staid	star	stone	stool

<i>sw</i>	sweep	sway	swan	swore	swoon
<i>tr</i>	treat	trait	trot	trope	troop
<i>tw</i>	tweed	twain	twaddle
<i>thr</i>	three	Thraee	throb	throne	through
<i>wh</i>	wheeze	whey	what	whoa	whoop

55. Exercise. Pronounce accurately the following words containing double consonant sounds preceding short vowels:

	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>i</i>	<i>o</i>	<i>u</i>
<i>bl</i>	black	blend	blink	block	blood
<i>br</i>	brand	bread	brisk	broth	brusk
<i>dr</i>	drab	dread	drip	drop	drub
<i>dw</i>	dwelt	dwindle
<i>fl</i>	flap	fled	flit	flop	flux
<i>fr</i>	frank	fret	frisk	from	front
<i>gl</i>	glass	glen	glint	gloss	glove
<i>gr</i>	grass	Gretna	grip	grog	grunt
<i>kl</i>	clam	cleft	click	clog	club
<i>kr</i>	crash	crest	crib	crop	eruteh
<i>kw</i>	quack	quench	quick	quad
<i>pl</i>	plant	pledge	plinth	plod	plump
<i>pr</i>	prance	press	print	prod	prussie
<i>sf</i>	spherical	sphinx
<i>shr</i>	shrank	shred	shrift	shroff	shrub
<i>sk</i>	sean	sketch	skit	scott	skulk
<i>sm</i>	smaek	smelt	smith	smock	smudge
<i>sn</i>	snap	snell	snip	snob	snug
<i>sp</i>	span	sped	spill	spot	spun
<i>st</i>	stamp	step	still	stop	stung
<i>sw</i>	swag	sweat	swim	swap	swum
<i>tr</i>	tramp	trend	trip	trot	truck
<i>tw</i>	twang	twelve	twist
<i>thr</i>	thrash	thread	thrill	throb
<i>wh</i>	whaek	whip	what

DIFFICULT CONSONANT ENDINGS

56. Exercise. Pronounce accurately the following words containing difficult consonant endings:

LABIAL COMBINATIONS

<i>bd</i>	robed	robbed	ribbed	rubbed
<i>bz</i>	babes	bobs	robes	rubs
<i>ph</i>	lymph	sylph	Ralph
<i>pt</i>	kept	capped	hopped	flipped
<i>pts</i>	crypts	corrupts	adepts	adopts
<i>pth</i>	depth	<i>pths</i>	depths
<i>ps</i>	droops	wraps	hops	cups
<i>pn</i>	open	cheapen	happen	deepen
<i>fn</i>	often	soften	stiffen	hyphen
<i>fs</i>	staffs	cuffs	chiefs	hoofs
<i>ft</i>	lift	laughed	loft	luffed
<i>fts</i>	shifts	crafts	lofts	clefts
<i>fth</i>	fifth	twelfth
<i>vd</i>	lived	moved	shoved	dived
<i>vn</i>	even	cloven	sloven	heaven
<i>vnz</i>	havens	ovens	heavens	sevens
<i>vz</i>	leaves	hives	loaves	caves

57. Exercise.

DENTAL COMBINATIONS

<i>ts</i>	dots	boats	debts	sheets
<i>tch</i>	ditch	botch	fetch	catch
<i>tn</i>	button	beaten	bitten	rotten
<i>tnz</i>	mittens	muttons	pattens	threatens
<i>tl</i>	beetle	prattle	little	shuttle
<i>tlz</i>	victuals	bottles	nettles	scuttles

<i>dz</i>	shreds	clods	herds	hounds
<i>dst</i>	saidst	amidst	foundst	lovedst
<i>dl</i>	straddle	muddle	middle	girdle
<i>dls</i>	paddles	fiddles	wheelles	noodles
<i>dld</i>	fuddled	saddled	bridled	coddled
<i>dth</i>	width	breadth	hundredth	thousandth
<i>dths</i>	breadths	hundredths	thousandths
<i>th</i>	breath	cloth	wreath	bath
<i>th</i> (hard)	breathe	clothe	wreathe	bathe
<i>ths</i>	breaths	smiths	fourths	broths
<i>ths</i> (hard)	baths	mouths	clothes	writhes
<i>thd</i>	clothed	breathed	writhed	bathed
<i>sh</i>	dish	wash	mesh	hush
<i>sn</i>	listen	loosen	lessen	mason
<i>snz</i>	glistens	fastens	lessons	loosens
<i>zn</i>	mizzen	reason	frozen	chosen
<i>znz</i>	raisins	dozens	reasons	cozens
<i>sl</i>	thistle	bustle	muscle	jostle
<i>sls</i>	bristles	bustles	muscles	jostles
<i>zl</i>	fizzle	easel	hazel	dazzle
<i>zlz</i>	fizzles	easels	puzzles	dazzles
<i>st</i>	blast	first	moist	blest
<i>sts</i>	feasts	mists	masts	dusts
<i>zd</i>	hazed	mused	housed	sized
<i>sp</i>	lisp	clasp	wasp	hasp
<i>sps</i>	lisps	elasps	wasps	hasps
<i>spt</i>	lisped	clasped	wisped	hasped
<i>sk</i>	desk	musk	disc	mosque
<i>sks</i>	asks	desks	discs	masks
<i>zm</i>	prism	chasm	spasm	schism
<i>ch</i>	leach	coach	much	pouch
<i>gh</i>	fudge	ridge	sedge	lodge
<i>cht</i>	bleached	roached	pitched	botched
<i>ghd</i>	besieged	raged	gouged	pledged

58. Exercise.

LINGUAL COMBINATIONS

<i>lp</i>	help	whelp	gulp	scalp
<i>lps</i>	helps	whelps	gulps	scalps
<i>lpt</i>	helped	whelped	gulped	scalped
<i>lb</i>	bulb
<i>lbs</i>	bulbs
<i>lf</i>	self	wolf	golf	pelf
<i>lv</i>	solve	delve	helve	twelve
<i>lvz</i>	selves	wolves	solves	delves
<i>lt</i>	felt	malt	salt	moult
<i>lts</i>	bolts	gilt	salts	moults
<i>ld</i>	filled	held	rolled	mailed
<i>ldz</i>	builds	shields	folds	welds
<i>lth</i>	filth	health	tilth	wealth
<i>lz</i>	dolls	gulls	calls	isles
<i>lg (soft)</i>	bilge	bulge
<i>lkt</i>	milked	sulked	silked	bulked
<i>lm</i>	helm	film	elm	whelm
<i>lmz</i>	helms	films	elms	whelms
<i>rp</i>	carp	harp	warp	chirp
<i>rps</i>	carps	harps	warps	corpse
<i>rpt</i>	carped	harped	warped	chirped
<i>rb</i>	orb	garb	herb	curb
<i>rbz</i>	orbs	garbs	herbs	curbs
<i>rbd</i>	orbed	garbed	disturbed	curbed
<i>rf</i>	turf	dwarf	surf	scarf
<i>rfs</i>	surfs	turfs	scarfs	dwarfs
<i>rv</i>	serve	starve	carve	nerve
<i>rvz</i>	serves	starves	carves	nerves
<i>rm</i>	harm	worm	farm	term
<i>rms</i>	harms	worms	farms	terms
<i>rm�</i>	harmed	warmed	farmed	termed

<i>rt</i>	pert	squirt	quart	art
<i>rts</i>	hurts	courts	tarts	flirts
<i>rd</i>	cord	sword	curd	cared
<i>rdz</i>	cards	wards	birds	boards
<i>rth</i>	hearth	forth	dearth	mirth
<i>rths</i>	hearths	earths	fourths	firths
<i>rs</i>	faree	fierce	source	curse
<i>rst</i>	forced	pursed	pierced	parsed
<i>rz</i>	bars	furze	cores	cures
<i>rsh</i>	harsh	marsh
<i>rg</i>	barge	gorge	urge	forge
<i>rgd</i>	gorged	urged	forged	charged
<i>rch</i>	torch	birch	larch	porch
<i>rhd</i>	arched	searched	smirched	perched
<i>rk</i>	fork	quirk	hark	pork
<i>rks</i>	barks	dirks	parks	forks
<i>rl</i>	whirl	marl	furl	gnarl
<i>rlz</i>	curls	pearls	girls	snarls
<i>rld</i>	whirled	curled	hurled	snarled
<i>rldz</i>	worlds
<i>rn</i>	fern	darn	horn	burn
<i>rnz</i>	warns	earns	barns	corns
<i>rnd</i>	ironed	learned	corned	turned

59. Exercise.

PALATAL COMBINATIONS

<i>gd</i>	plugged	flagged	lagged	leagued
<i>gz</i>	plagues	brogues	pigs	legs
<i>gl</i>	dangle	eagle	wriggle	bugle
<i>glz</i>	haggles	giggles	juggles	beagles
<i>gld</i>	dangled	wriggled	bugled	haggled
<i>ks</i>	tacks	picks	lacks	chucks
<i>kt</i>	cracked	bricked	rocked	ached

<i>kts</i>	piets	facts	selects	ejects
<i>kn</i>	waken	taken	sicken	reckon
<i>knz</i>	likens	weakens	beckons	slackens
<i>kl</i>	tickle	tackle	buckle	trickle
<i>klz</i>	pickles	tackles	trickles	buckles
<i>kld</i>	pickled	buckled	tickled	tackled

60. Exercise.

NASAL COMBINATIONS

<i>mp</i>	hemp	scrimp	lamp	romp
<i>mps</i>	clumps	limps	cramps	mumps
<i>mpt</i>	damped	scrimped	trumped	limped
<i>mf</i>	lymph	triumph
<i>mt</i>	dreamt
<i>md</i>	calmed	thumbed	stemmed	dimmed
<i>mz</i>	films	hums	calms	forms
<i>mst</i>	com'st	harm'st	warm'st	term'st
<i>nt</i>	quaint	hunt	lint	plant
<i>nts</i>	paints	hunts	raunts	sprints
<i>nd</i>	bend	frond	mound	tinned
<i>ndz</i>	lends	sounds	bonds	wounds
<i>nth</i>	tenth	ninth	month	seventh
<i>nths</i>	tenths	ninths	sevenths	months
<i>ns</i>	jounce	nonce	mince	lance
<i>nz</i>	pins	hens	banns	crowns
<i>nch</i>	inch	ranch	crunch	hunch
<i>ncht</i>	wrenched	flinched	munched	branched
<i>ng</i>	cling	hung	rang	bring
<i>ngs</i>	flings	bungs	clangs	lungs
<i>ng (soft)</i>	twinge	lunge	flange	range
<i>ngd</i>	twinged	hinged	flanged	ranged
<i>nk</i>	wink	crank	slunk	monk
<i>nks</i>	links	thanks	trunks	ranks
<i>nkt</i>	winked	thanked	bunked	ranked

FIRST SYLLABLES

Many errors of pronunciation creep into the speech through improper attention to first syllables. Such errors are usually in the vowel sound. *A* as an initial syllable in words like *abate* is sometimes wrongly changed to *uh*.

61. Exercise.

Pronounce

abate	not	uhbate
about	“	uhbout
adorn	“	uhdorn
agree	“	uhgree
alert	“	uhlert

62. Exercise. When the first syllable is a single *a* followed by a single consonant, the *a* is that of *a* in *fat*.

Pronounce

a(c)count	not	uhcount	nor	acount
a(d)dress	“	uhdress	“	adress
a(f)fect	“	uhfect	“	efect
a(g)grieve	“	uhgrieve	“	agrieve
a(l)low	“	uhlow	“	alow
a(m)monia	“	uhmonia	“	amonia
a(n)noy	“	uhnnoy	“	anoy
a(p)pear	“	uhpear	“	apear
a(r)rest	“	uhrest	“	arest
a(s)sume	“	uhsume	“	asume
a(t)tach	“	ultach	“	atach

63. Exercise. *Be* as a first syllable has the shortened sound of *ee*. It should not be elided nor changed.

Pronounce

be cause	not	b'euz	nor	buh cause
be lieve	"	b'lieve	"	buh lieve
be come	"	b'come	"	buh come
be fore	"	b'fore	"	buh fore
be gin	"	b'gin	"	buh gin

64. Exercise. *Co* as a first syllable usually has the shortened sound of *oh*. When *co* with a consonant (*cob*, *cod*, etc.) is a first syllable, the *o* has the short sound of *ah*.

Pronounce

co bra	—	cob bler
co caine	—	coe cyx
co dex	—	cod dle
co factor	—	cof fin
co gent	—	cog nate
co lon	—	col lar
co ma	—	com ma
co ni fer	—	con nect
co ping	—	cop per
co ro na	—	cor o ner
co sine	—	cos set
co ter ie	—	cot tage

65. Exercise. *De* as a first syllable has the shortened sound of *ee*.

Pronounce

de bate	not	d'bate	nor	duh bate
de cide	"	d'eide	"	duh eide
de test	"	d'test	"	duh test
de fer	"	d'fer	"	duh fer
de gree	"	d'gree	"	duh gree

66. Exercise. *De* and *des* should not be confused.

Pronounce

de sert (verb)	— des ert (noun)
de sign	— des ig nate
de sire	— des per ate
de scend	— des cant
de spair	— des pot

67. Exercise. *De* and *dif* should not be confused.

Pronounce

de fer	— dif fer
de form	— dif fuse
de fy	— dif fi cult
de fraud	— dif fract

68. Exercise. *De* and *dis* should not be confused.

Pronounce

de scend	— dis sect
de scent	— dis sent
de scribe	— dis suade
de stroy	— dis tract
de spise	— dis patch

69. Exercise. *Des* and *dis* should not be confused.

Pronounce

des ert	— dis sect
des ig nate	— dis sent
des per ate	— dis suade
des cant	— dis tract
des pot	— dis patch

70. Exercise. *Ef* should not be confused with *ee*.

Pronounce

ef	fect	not	ee	fect
ef	face	“	ee	face
ef	front	“	ee	front
ef	ficient	“	ee	ficient

71. Exercise. *En* should not be confused with *ee*.

Pronounce

en noble not ee noble

72. Exercise. *En* should not be confused with *in*.

Pronounce

en	gage	not	in	gage
en	sure	“	in	sure
en	dow	“	in	dow
en	tail	“	in	tail
en	trance	“	in	trance

73. Exercise. *Es* should not be confused with *is*.

Pronounce

es	cape	not	is	cape
es	cort	“	is	cort
es	py	“	is	py
es	tate	“	is	tate
es	teem	“	is	teem

74. Exercise. *Pre* and *per* should not be confused.

Pronounce

pre	diet	not	per	diet
pre	fer	“	per	fer

pre side	“	per side
pre sume	“	per sume
pre vent	“	per vent

Also

per form	not	pre form
per haps	“	pre haps
per mit	“	pre mit
per plex	“	pre plex
per tain	“	pre tain

75. Exercise. *Po* and *pos* should not be confused.

Pronounce

po sition not pos ition

But

pos sess	not	po sess
pos sessive	“	po sessive

76. Exercise. In the syllable *po* the *o* should not be dropped before an *l*.

Pronounce

po lice	not	p'lice
po lite	“	p'lite
po lit ical	“	p'litical

77. Exercise. *Pro*, *prob*, and *proc*, etc., should not be confused.

Pronounce

pro bate	—	prob lem
pro ceed	—	proc ess
pro pose	—	prop er
pro pound	—	prop erty
pro scribe	—	pros ecute

78. The initial *h*. Although *h* is used and classified as a consonant, it is really neither a consonant nor a vowel; it is virtually a rough breathing. In words like *he, his, him, her*, etc., there is little difficulty in the American speech with the initial *h*, except when it follows a sound that absorbs the breathing. The *h* is often absorbed after vowels; it should not be.

79. Exercise. Pronounce

saw him	not	saw'im
see her	"	see'r
buy him	"	buy'im
be he	"	be'ee

80. Exercise. The initial *h* should be distinctly sounded especially when it follows a word ending with a consonant sound.

Pronounce

took his	not	took 'is
heard her	"	heard 'er
dark hair	"	dark 'air
sweet heart	"	swee tart
what he did	"	whatty did

The safest way to keep the *h* sound in such words as these is to use a strong and separate stroke of the diaphragm.

81. Exercise. The faulty habit of sounding an *r* after words that end with a vowel sound is common in some sections. This habit can be easily cured if a strong *h* (aspirate) is made to follow the vowel.

Pronounce

saw him	not	saw(r)im
law office	“	law(r)office
draw a glass	“	draw(r) a glass
papa	“	popper
mamma	“	mommer
drama	“	drammer

82. Exercise. In the *wh* sound the *h* is often improperly softened or dropped altogether. It should be blown out strongly through the *w*. In early English it was a harsh *ch* and was pronounced almost as a separate syllable before the *w*. Now the *w* and *h* are made at the same time.

EXERCISE

Pronounce

when	not	wen
where	“	ware
white	“	wite
while	“	wile
which	“	wieh

MIDDLE SOUNDS

83. Exercise. Careless pronunciation of dentals in the middle of two-syllable words that end in a nasal sometimes causes a loss of the final syllable.

Pronounce

Lat in	not	Lat'n
moun tain	“	mount'n
cer tain	“	cert'n
foun tain	“	fount'n
cur tain	“	curt'n

cap tain	“	capt’n
sex ton	“	sext’n
sat in	“	sat’n
Sa tan	“	Sat’n
mar ten	“	mart’n
mat in	“	mat’n
mit (t)en	“	mit’n

NOTE: This applies to names of places that end in *ton*. Care should be taken in pronouncing them to sound the medial *t* sharply.

Bos ton	not	Bos’n
Gro ton	“	Grot’n
Clin ton	“	Clint’n
Tren ton	“	Trent’n

FINAL SYLLABLES

84. **Exercise.** The following final syllables are often carelessly pronounced *ar*, *er*, *or*:

Pronounce

<i>ar</i>	<i>er</i>	<i>or</i>
attar	alter	captor
secular	fever	donor
angular	miner	metaphor
regular	lever	censor
calendar	colander	testator

85. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>al</i>	<i>el</i>	<i>il</i>	<i>le</i>
formal	jewel	pencil	stubble
dismal	hovel	civil	trouble
final	bushel	fossil	huddle
spinal	vessel	council	middle
modal	model	tonsil	wobble

86. **Exercise.** Pronounce*ance*abundance
insurance*ence*dependence
coherence87. **Exercise.** Pronounce*nts*confidants
penitents
consonants
suppliants
vigilants*ncc*confidence
penitence
consonance
suppliance
vigilance88. **Exercise.** Pronounce*ant*gallant
tenant
tyrant
pliant
arrogant*ent*student
government
judgment
penitent
president89. **Exercise.** Pronounce*ed*wounded
hunted
parted
hated
fitted*id*lurid
acid
frigid
acrid
squalid

90. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>ess</i>	<i>iss</i>
access	premise
fortress	promise
recess	
largess	
princess	

91. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>est</i>	<i>ist</i>
ablest	artist
modest	dentist
interest	organist
youngest	jurist
harvest	druggist

92. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>et</i>	<i>it</i>
faucet	credit
target	permit
velvet	exit
earet	favorit(e)
violet	summit

93. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>ard</i>	<i>erd</i>	<i>ord</i>
haggard	halberd	record
sluggard	shepherd	diseord
tankard	eoward	landlord
custard	upward	harpsichord
hazard	forward	concord

94. **Exercise.** Pronounce

<i>ert</i>	<i>ort</i>
convert	effort
concert	consort
expert	export
overt	comfort
insert	escort

95. **Exercise.** There are a number of common words that are very often mispronounced.

Pronounce

of	not	uv
from	“	frum
was	“	wuz
for	“	fer
them	“	thum
can	“	kin
catch	“	ketch
and	“	'un nor 'nd
because	“	becuz
history	“	histry
library	“	libry
figure	“	figger
government	{	govmnt
		gummunt
		governmunt
creek	“	crick
February	“	Febuary

CHAPTER IV

WORDS COMBINED INTO SENTENCES

96. Words in sentences. Thus far only the production of vocal sounds and the enunciation of words have been discussed. Let us now consider the utterance of words combined into sentences.

When a sentence is made, the words in it are given certain definite relations to each other. Some words name things to be talked about; others make statements; others modify; others connect. Some sentences make statements; others ask questions; others express exclamations. Some sentences are to be taken literally, others figuratively.

It is frequently difficult, sometimes impossible, for written sentences to express what the writer thinks and feels. It is usually possible for a speaker to express exactly what he thinks and feels. It is important, therefore, to discover if possible how to make oral expression interpret written expression. Oral expression more accurately expresses thought and feeling, because in addition to the words used the speaker may also use a variety of force, of rate, of pitch, of quality of tone, and other devices that appeal to the ear. It is desirable to discuss these elements and their uses.

VARIATIONS OF SPEECH

FORCE

97. *a.* Force as here used means volume of voice in reading and speaking. It may range from the softest whisper to the loudest shout. Force varies with the character of what is being read or spoken, and it is also affected by external circumstances and surroundings. The amount of voice used should be gauged by the size of the room, by the number of people to be addressed, and by the conditions prevailing when the speaking is done.

b. As a general rule the voice should be just loud enough in normal passages to be heard comfortably by each one in the audience *if he listens attentively*. It is better to require an audience to make an effort to hear than to tire its ears by too loud speaking. Nothing is less effective or more offensive than continual shouting when there is no occasion for it; and by the same token it is affected and effeminate in a speaker not to give strong, vigorous passages in full, round, ringing tones.

c. It should be noted that force, like pitch, is constantly varying; that the structural words in a sentence are ordinarily louder—or softer—than the words of less importance; that certain groups of words in sentences demand more—or less—voice; that certain sentences themselves are of such a nature as to be spoken louder—or softer—than others around them.

d. Common sense rationally applied will usually be sufficient to enable a speaker to determine the right amount of voice to use in any passage he may be reading or speaking. The following exercises are suggestive:

98. Exercises. 1. Read Fezziwig's Ball in Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

OLD FEZZIWIG'S BALL

NOTE: In these suggested readings it can easily be seen how the voice varies in volume in different passages and in different parts of the same passage; from the noisy hilarity of the dancers at *Fezziwig's Ball* to the breathless listening of *My Uncle* for the mysterious footsteps.

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk, with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon

the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter; and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more danees, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many: ah, four times: old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, hold hands with your partner: bow and courtesy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and

thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds; which were under a counter in the back-shop.

2. Read Stave v. Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh Jacob Marley! Heaven, and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed-curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here: I am here: the shadows of the things that would have been, may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time: turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there: perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and frisking round the fire-place. "There's the door, by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bells. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash. Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, *Christmas Day*."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one

night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the Poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey: the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half-a-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it, as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the Turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a Turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking-plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost and Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, Sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman, who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart

to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear Sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, Sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Mr. Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back-payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear Sir," said the other, shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon, he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the

courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:—

“Is your master at home, my dear?” said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Where is he, my love?” said Scrooge.

“He’s in the dining-room, Sir, along with mistress. I’ll show you up stairs, if you please.”

“Thank’ee. He knows me,” said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. “I’ll go in here, my dear.”

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

“Fred!” said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn’t have done it, on any account.

“Why, bless my soul! cried Fred, “who’s that?”

“It’s I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?”

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn’t shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, Sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, Sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, Sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, Sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again: "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make

up the fires, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Serooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed: and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

3. Read the following from *Irving's Tales of a Traveller*.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY UNCLE

He had not taken above half of his first nap when he was awakened by the clock of the chateau, in the turret over his chamber, which struck midnight. It was just such an old clock as ghosts are fond of. It had a deep, dismal tone, and struck so slowly and tediously that my uncle thought it would never have done. He counted

and counted till he was confident he counted thirteen, and then it stopped.

The fire had burnt low, and the blaze of the last fagot was almost expiring, burning in small blue flames, which now and then lengthened up into little white gleams. My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coliseum at Rome, Dolly's chop-house in London, and all the farrago of noted places with which the brain of a traveller is crammed,—in a word, he was just falling asleep.

Suddenly he was roused by the sound of footsteps, slowly pacing along the corridor. My uncle, as I have often heard him say himself, was a man not easily frightened. So he lay quiet, supposing this some other guest or some servant on his way to bed. The footsteps, however, approached the door; the door gently opened; whether of its own accord, or whether pushed open, my uncle could not distinguish: a figure all in white glided in. It was a female, tall and stately, and of a commanding air. Her dress was of an ancient fashion, ample in volume, and sweeping the floor. She walked up to the fireplace, without regarding my uncle, who raised his nightcap with one hand, and stared earnestly at her. She remained for some time standing by the fire, which, flashing up at intervals, cast blue and white gleams of light, that enabled my uncle to remark her appearance minutely.

Her face was ghastly pale, and perhaps rendered still more so by the bluish light of the fire. It possessed beauty, but its beauty was saddened by care and anxiety. There was the look of one accustomed to trouble, but of one whom trouble could not cast down nor subdue; for there was still the predominating air of proud, uncon-

querable resolution. Such at least was the opinion formed by my uncle, and he considered himself a great physiognomist.

The figure remained, as I said, for some time by the fire, putting out first one hand, then the other; then each foot alternately, as if warming itself; for your ghosts, if ghost it really was, are apt to be cold. My uncle, furthermore, remarked that it wore high-heeled shoes, after an ancient fashion, with paste or diamond buckles, that sparkled as though they were alive. At length the figure turned gently round, casting a glassy look about the apartment, which, as it passed over my uncle, made his blood run cold, and chilled the very marrow in his bones. It then stretched its arms toward heaven, clasped its hands, and wringing them in a supplicating manner, glided slowly out of the room.

4. Read the following selection from Irving's *Rip Van Winkle*.

RIP VAN WINKLE

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the

weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

5. Also read from the same story:

RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN HOME

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on toptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Demoerat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-impor-

tant man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well—who are they?—Name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war: some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony’s Nose. I don’t know—he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

6. Read from Poe’s *The Pit and the Pendulum* the extract that follows:

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid luster of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal!—Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison. A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes and glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors—oh, most unrelenting! oh, most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the center of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh, for a voice to speak!—oh, horror!—oh, any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands—weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell—and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my twofold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. “Death,” I said, “any death but that of the pit!” Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its center, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back—but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes—

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as

I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

b. Young readers and speakers are cautioned against depending too much upon force for emphasis. Many think that force and emphasis are synonymous. That this is not true will be seen when one reads the section in this book on *emphasis*.

RATE

99. Rate is rapidity of utterance. Reduced to mathematical terms, it means the number of words a minute spoken. An experienced teacher of public speaking used to say, "If I were permitted to teach a speaker but one thing, I would teach him how to speak at a proper rate." Not only is it true that physiological and psychological facts are usually disregarded when speakers fix their rate of delivery, but it is likewise true that many speakers have no knowledge of the hearing powers of their audiences.

In answer to the question, "How fast can a good stenographer write?" a court stenographer recently replied: "About 100 to 120 words a minute of new matter."

"But I supposed that there were shorthand writers who could write 200 words a minute," interposed the questioner.

"Yes, there are; but not 200 words of new material. To reach that speed they must know what is coming. The difficulty is not with their fingers. They can make the word-signs fast enough, but

they cannot *hear* an average of over 100 or 120 unfamiliar words a minute."

They cannot hear an average of over 100 to 120 words a minute; and these are stenographers,—men and women trained by careful instruction and constant practice, to hear and understand. If this is true of shorthand writers, what may be said of the hearing power of the ordinary class of pupils or of the average audience such as is found in a church, in a court room, at a political meeting, or at a lecture?

100. Exercise. To find out what this means, try the following experiment: Read one minute by your watch from a book or paper. Then count the number of words you have read. You will perhaps be surprised to discover that instead of 100, the count has reached nearer 200, if it does not exceed that number.

This must not be taken to mean that all speaking should be done at a rate not to exceed 100-120 words a minute. It means that ordinary new material should not average more than that. Some kinds of passages—light, running conversation, rapid, concrete narrative, and the like, will let the rate hurry and the words fall rapidly, and for two reasons: first, because the thread of the thought by its very concrete nature is easily followed; and, second, because the words used in such passages are ordinarily the short, crisp, homely ones of the language. On the contrary, when the material under discussion is abstract and unfamiliar, the reasoning close and complex, the

sentences involved, and the words themselves necessarily larger and less familiar, the rate must be lessened if the audience is to grasp the ideas. It is well known that few persons can readily think in terms abstract or unfamiliar. Such expressions, phrases, and images must be translated in the hearer's mind into familiar terms and pictures before the truth conveyed by them can be understood. This takes time, and the speaker should make his rate so moderate that time will be allowed for the process.

101. Attention. Furthermore the attention of listeners is not constant.

Psychologists tell us that the attention of an audience fluctuates, and that the skillful speaker will take this fact into consideration, alternating heavy with light, slow with fast. For a more extended discussion of this subject students are referred to *The Psychology of Public Speaking*, by Walter Dill Scott, Chapter vii.

102. To lessen rate. "But," it is frequently asked, "how *can* I speak as slowly as 100 words a minute?"

The answer is: Not by drawling words, but by letting the periods of pause lengthen and occupy their proper space. One old-fashioned country school mistress known to the writer used to have her pupils in reading count slowly and audibly at each comma, "one," at each semicolon, "two" at each period, question mark, or exclamation point, "three." This mechanical device, while not adding to the euphony of the reading, taught the

scholars to "mind the pauses," and when they had advanced to the stage of development where they were permitted to count to themselves, the reading was pleasing and intelligible.

While this method is not advocated for general adoption, the effects that it produced are most commendable. "Silence is golden" in reading as elsewhere.

WHEN TO CHANGE RATE

103. Normal rate. Normal rate (100 to 125 words a minute) is used in reading or speaking passages

- a.* that are unemotional.
- b.* that are not greatly involved in thought or language.

104. Increased rate. Rate is increased in

- a.* passages expressing outbursts of uncontrolled emotion.
- b.* passages expressing lightness and rapidity of action or thought, usually in short sentences.
- c.* passages wholly concrete and easily understood.

105. Slow rate. Rate is lessened in

- a.* passages expressing restrained, repressed feeling.
- b.* passages expressing dignity, deliberateness, hesitancy, and the like.
- c.* passages that are abstract and involved, usually in long sentences.

106. Exercise. Read at normal rate:

1. André's story is the one overmastering romance of the Revolution. American and English literature is full of eloquence and poetry in tribute to his memory and sympathy for his fate. After the lapse of a hundred years there is no abatement of interest. What had this young man done to merit immortality?

2. Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts; with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley.

3. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a shady sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

4. As I saw the last blue lines of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another.

5. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.

107. Exercise. Read at slow rate:

1. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the bat-

tle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

2. The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3. Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more
Days of danger, nights of waking.

4. Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore—

5. He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar he sat upon his throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

108. Exercise. Read at fast rate:

1. Stop the news! Already the village church bells were beginning to ring the alarm. In the awakening houses lights flashed from window to window. Drums beat faintly far away and on every side. Signal guns flashed and echoed. The watch dogs barked; the cocks crew. Stop the news! Stop the sunrise!

2. We see them as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war,—marching down the streets of great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do or die for the eternal right.

3. Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tallyman. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the foot-board of the cart—there they are! razors, flat-irons, frying-pan, watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble.

4. Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along.
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With bark and whoop and wild hallo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon from her cairn on high
Cast on the rout a wondering eye
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.

5. Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung.

QUALITY

109. Quality, more than any other characteristic of human speech, shows the personality of

the speaker and his attitude toward his subject and toward his hearers. There are as many different qualities of the human voice as there are human emotions, and the quality changes in speaking just as the feelings of the speaker change. The simplest utterance may be given almost any significance. For example, pronounce the commonplace remark *It is raining*, as follows:

110. Exercise. 1. As if you were sitting comfortably in your room, and happened to glance up from your book.

2. As if you were a small child who had been planning to go to a picnic, and were prevented by the rain.

3. As if you were the mother of the child and felt sorry for the disappointment.

4. As if you had been fighting a forest fire which the rain would check.

5. As if you were the owner of property threatened by a flood, which an increase of water would destroy.

6. As if you were jeering at someone who had been positive that it would not rain.

7. As if you had been told to do something which is impossible to do in the rain.

8. As if it had rained and rained for days, until you were tired of it.

9. In reply to someone who insists upon your going for a walk.

CHANGE OF QUALITY

It is easy to hear the indescribable change of quality that comes into the voice as each emotion colors the words. Change of quality is ordinarily

instinctive and involuntary. For this reason it is useless to lay down any hard and fast rules. However, because a change of quality may be voluntary, some general suggestions may be useful.

111. Neutral quality. A *neutral* quality of tone ordinarily expresses a lack of feeling of any sort. It is the colorless, dead, wooden tone frequently heard in schoolroom recitations, in "the reading of the minutes of the last meeting," in mechanical statements of any sort. It kills interest and puts an audience to sleep. It is sure to characterize the work of a speaker who has no interest in what he is saying. It may be clear, it may not be unpleasant, but it is not effective. It is useful for colorless reading and speaking because it is not at all exacting, but it should not become a habit. One should not converse nor address an audience as he would recite the multiplication table.

112. Orotund quality. The quality of tone commonly denoted by the somewhat fearsome term *orotund* is characterized, says the *International Dictionary*, "by fullness, clearness, strength, and smoothness; ringing and musical." No simpler word exists in the language to express all these ideas. They are all associated with the nobler feelings, so that it is a common precept to employ the orotund quality in passages that express the loftier sentiments. Mechanically such tones are associated with free and open vocal organs. The pleasure derived from hearing the orotund quality

And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story.

5. O, Holy Father, friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

6. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be *OUR COUNTRY, Our Whole Country, and Nothing but Our Country*. And by the blessing of God, may that country become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

7. I have always thought of Christmas . . . as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. . . . And therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it *has* done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

114. Guttural quality. Another word often used to describe a frequently heard quality of tone is *guttural*. The guttural quality is usually associated with feelings that are the opposite of those expressed by the orotund—with those which are hateful, malignant, resentful, stingy, and other feelings of active ill-will. Mechanically the guttural quality involves a contraction of the muscles of the throat, the base of the tongue, and the soft palate that prevents a clear, open, resonant tone.

115. Exercise. Read as directed in **113.**

1. What else can I be (than cross) when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with "Merry Christmas" on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!

2. Seest thou, Isaac, the range of iron bars above the glowing charcoal? On that warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clothes. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other shall anoint thy wretched limbs with oil lest the roast should burn. Now, choose betwixt a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver.

3. It's just like you—to talk about my selling Wildfire in that cool way—the last thing I've got to call my own, and the best bit of horse-flesh I ever had in my life. And if you'd got a spark of pride in you, you'd be ashamed to see the stables emptied, and everybody sneering about it. But it's my belief you'd sell yourself, if it was only for the pleasure of making somebody feel he'd got a bad bargain.

4. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers.
Come thick night
And pall thee in dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blankets of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

116. Breathy quality. *Breathy* is a term used to describe a softened tone of whispered quality. It may be wholly or partly whispered. The tone is naturally associated with that which is secret, mysterious, uncanny, awesome, weak, tender, and the like. Mechanically the breathy quality is produced by not bringing the edges of the vocal cords together when speaking. The breathy quality is sometimes the result of physical weakness which prevents the muscles of the larynx from acting normally, or it may be a temporary incapacity of the muscles to act, caused by intense emotion of a sort described above.

117. Exercise. Read as directed in 113.

1. And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before,
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is and nothing more.

2. It was there that I became aware of a gentle foot-fall on the carpet—and near the couch; and a second thereafter, as Rowena was in the act of raising the wine to her lips, I saw, or may have dreamed I saw, fall within the goblet, as if from an invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant, ruby-colored fluid.

3. Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets.

.

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping!
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
 Sleeping!

4. Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

5. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

6. The wandering airs they faint
The nightingale's complaint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream:

It dies upon my heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved, as thou art!

118. Nasal quality. The *nasal* quality of tone is associated with that which is querulous, peevish, fretful, complaining, discontented, and the like. Mechanically a nasal tone is made by keeping too large a portion of the voice from coming out of the mouth, and turning it up through the nose instead. The nasal quality is usually heard on high-pitched tones, rarely on low tones. It is too disagreeable to be practiced.

119. Connotative tones. The artistry of speech depends very largely upon the quality of tone used, for it is by quality that the connotation of words and phrases is shown. It is not alone the word or the phrase itself that must be understood and felt, but that which lies back of it—the feeling that prompted it. The converser or the speaker who uses only colorless tones is not likely to be interesting or effective.

120. Attractive voice.¹ It is important that the quality of tone used for ordinary, everyday speech be agreeable and, if possible, attractive. Nothing adds greater charm to a personality than a pleasing voice, which means a voice whose quality is beautiful. The most attractive appearance may be spoiled by a disagreeable voice; and by the same token, a plain appearance may be hidden by a beautiful voice.

¹A volume might be written on this theme; in fact, one has been written which everyone who cares about his speech should read. It is *The Voice and Spiritual Education*, by Hiram Corson (Macmillan).

PITCH

121. The relative pitch of a voice is its position on the musical staff. The upper notes of a tenor voice are well above the treble staff, while the low notes of a bass are below the bass staff. Soprano and contralto voices in women correspond to tenor and bass voices in men. The middle voices, baritone and mezzo-soprano, range from a few tones above the low ones to a few tones below the high ones. Most voices are middle voices and should be treated as such.

The length and weight of the vocal cords and their consequent rapidity of vibration determine the pitch of the voice. The length and weight of the vocal cords vary in different persons just as the length and size of the fingers or the feet vary; hence a voice is normally high or low as the vocal cords are short or long, light or heavy.

From this it is evident that each voice has its proper normal pitch, and that to speak properly one should ascertain this pitch and be governed by it.

122. How to determine the pitch of a voice. Use the vowel *ah*. Run up the musical scale to the highest note that can be comfortably sounded. Then run down the scale to the lowest note that can be comfortably sounded. Midway between the two, perhaps a tone or two below the middle, is the tone that should predominate in speech, the tone of departure, the keynote, so to speak.

123. The importance of pitch. Too much cannot be said of the importance of properly pitching the voice. The American voice is severely criticized for two offensive characteristics—lack of proper pitch and quality. American women are said to speak in a high, shrill, unpleasant voice that lacks reserve and control; American men are said to growl. If ever the American voice is to be a pleasing one, it must be pitched where nature intended it to be.

124. Faulty pitch. In the schoolroom the voices of many women teachers, of most girls, and of boys whose voices are unchanged, are ordinarily over-pitched. This is especially true in oral reading and in the reciting of memory passages. Likewise, boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, whose voices are in the process of changing, frequently get into the habit of growling. It is difficult to do much for such voices before they are somewhat settled, but then they should be brought into their proper pitch.

125. The effects of too high pitch. Whenever the throat aches or is dry, or the voice becomes hoarse after it has been used for a time, one may be tolerably certain that the voice is pitched too high. Under the unconscious normal tension of the muscles of the larynx the vocal cords vibrate normally; vibrating normally, they produce a normal tone. When the tone is pitched above normal, it means that the muscles of the larynx that control the tension of the vocal cords are abnormally tightened. They can be

drawn tight occasionally—even frequently—without discomfort or injury if they are not kept tight for long at a time. No vocal cords can be overstrained for any great length of time without showing the effect of such strain by hoarseness. Extreme hoarseness means that the vocal cords have become congested and thickened. If you could see them in that condition, they would look like the white of the eye which a cinder has inflamed—red and puffy. Long continued shouting at a football game, long practice on a song that is “too high” and other similar strains have this effect.

126. Danger. One whose voice gets hoarse from speaking should know that he is in a fair way to end his usefulness as a speaker. Such strain, if continued for any length of time, may produce a chronic condition of the larynx which is wearing on the nerves, and which, combined with a cold or other inflammation, may cause a total loss of the voice, or in extreme cases even death from acute laryngitis.

A normal pitch may be cultivated by constant thought and attention, and in every class of every school that attention should be constantly exerted.

127. Normal pitch. It hardly need be said that not all pupils in a class are likely to have the same normal pitch. For this reason it is not wise to do a great amount of unison singing of wide range, nor to have much concert recitation. So far as is possible, voices should be grouped together according to their natural pitch and the

groups handled separately. If unison exercises are necessary, keep them below rather than above the average normal.

128. Exercise. Pronounce *See the dog*.

1. Very quietly and low, as if he were listening intently for something and you did not wish to disturb him.

2. In an ordinary tone, as if he were stretched out comfortably before the fireplace and you wished merely to call attention to him.

3. As if you were calling to someone a hundred feet away.

4. As if you wanted to sound a quick warning for fear he would bite the person you called to.

129. Exercise. Pronounce *Give me that note*.

1. As if you were passing it during study hour in school.

2. As if you were offering to mail it.

3. As if you were calling up to a person in the window of an apartment two floors above you.

4. As if someone had snatched it from you and you were very angry.

130. What these exercises show. These exercises illustrate:

First, that there is a normal pitch used by a speaker who is under no stress of emotion. Such is the pitch used in 2, in both exercises.

Second, that certain emotions and conditions have the effect of lowering the pitch, as in 1 in both exercises.

Third, that others have the effect of raising the pitch, as in exercises 3 and 4.

131. Exercise. Pronounce the following, first quietly as if in ordinary conversation with someone near you; then in the same pitch but louder, repeat the sentence as if the person addressed were across a large room from you:

1. May I take your knife?
2. She is older than her brother.
3. Why were you not in school today?
4. Jack said he would wait for me when school was out.
5. That car seems to be crowded with students.
6. The ice on the mill-pond is three inches thick.
7. Why does my voice get tired after I have been reading a short time?
8. Probably it is because you pitch it too high.

132. Variations in pitch. The movements of the voice have been likened to those of the sea—constantly in motion—rising and falling slightly but ceaselessly when there is nothing to disturb it; leaping to high crests and plunging to corresponding depths under stress of a strong compelling force.

133. How pitch is changed. The pitch of the voice is changed in two ways and for two distinct purposes:

1. The whole range of the voice may be moved up or down the scale, just as we change the key in music. Thus, if the middle tone of a voice is normally F, a sudden stress of emotion may raise it to A or B and keep it there while the emotion lasts.

2. The voice may travel constantly up and down the gamut, returning frequently to its normal, for the purpose of expressing ideas, meanings, rela-

tions, sometimes even emotions. Such changes of pitch are commonly called inflections.

134. Changing the pitch of the whole voice.

The pitch of the whole voice is raised in outbursts of speech that are stimulating, exciting; that express great joy, fear, pain, grief, surprise—almost any intense feeling that is sudden and unsuppressed. The stronger the feeling, the higher the key.

135. Exercise. Read the following. Notice that the voice is instinctively raised in pitch.

1. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.
2. And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
3. The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
4. O, daddy! I'm so glad! I don't think I shall want
anything else when we've got a little garden; and I
know Aaron would dig it for us.
5. Caesar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
6. "Now, by St. George!" the archer cries,
"Edmund, methinks we have a prize!"
7. And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones
Stolen by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl!

8. By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen
 Though it do split you; for from this day forth
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
 When you are waspish.
9. Malcolm! Banquo!
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
 To countenance this horror!

136. When pitch is lowered. The pitch of the whole voice is lowered in the expression of feelings that are subdued, restricted, repressed: pity, horror; secret fear, grief, sorrow, hate; tender affection; mystery, secrecy, suspense; reproof, disapproval, and the like. The stronger the feeling, the lower the key.

Read the following. Notice that the voice is instinctively lowered in pitch.

1. My boy! My poor boy! He was all I had!
2. Sleep and rest! Sleep and rest!
 Father will come to thee soon.
3. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
3. If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
4. Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
 From the snows five thousand summers old.
 From open wold and hill-top bleak

It had gathered all the cold
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek.

5. Alone, alone! All, all alone!
 Alone on a wide, wide sea;
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

INFLECTIONS

137. Definition and purpose. Inflections are the upward and downward movements of the voice above and below its normal pitch.

Inflections serve three purposes—

1. To indicate the meaning of a sentence as a whole. Thus the sentence, "You saw him," when spoken with a downward inflection at the end, states a fact. When spoken with an upward inflection at the end, it asks a question.

2. To indicate the relation between the parts of a sentence. Thus in the sentence

"He was a tall, dark man, with black, beady eyes," the upward inflection on *man* indicates that the thought is incomplete,—something is yet to be added to complete it. If the sentence is changed to

"He was a tall, dark man; his eyes were black and beady,"

the downward inflection on *man* indicates that the sentence is, in part, at least, complete, and that what comes after is a separate thought.

3. To call attention to a particular word in a sentence, and to indicate its relation to other words. Thus

"Now I say, 'Business is business.'"

On the word *say* the voice rises before the natural pause, thus indicating an incompleting idea;—the object of the verb *say* is expected partly by reason of this suspended inflection.

On the first word *business* the double inflection (down and up) helps to call attention to its importance, whereas the downward inflection on the second *business* both calls attention to the word and indicates the end of the idea.

138. Kinds of inflections. For ordinary speaking and reading the use of inflections is very simple. There are but three commonly used inflections.

1. The upward inflection.
2. The downward inflection.
3. The double inflection.

139. 1. The upward inflection. The upward inflection (/) is used on a word preceding a pause at a point within a sentence where the meaning is not complete. The rise of the voice and the following pause indicate naturally that something is to follow which will finish what is being said. Punctuation has little to do with the use of this inflection. The upward inflection does not precede a semicolon, a colon, or a period. It frequently does precede a comma, but so, also, does the downward inflection.

140. 2. The downward inflection. The downward inflection (\) is used on a word preceding a pause within a sentence where the sense might be complete, and on the last word of a declarative sentence. The fall of the voice and the following

pause indicate naturally that the meaning of the sentence is, or may be, complete at that point.

The downward inflection at the end of the sentence is usually more pronounced than at a point within the sentence. Thus in the sentence

“I stood on the bridge at midnight, when the clock was striking the hour,”

the downward inflection on *midnight* is not so pronounced as on *hour*.

Punctuation helps somewhat in using this inflection. At semicolons, colons, and periods the downward inflection is ordinarily used. It may also be used at commas, or even at pauses in a sentence where there is no punctuation. If the meaning is or may be completed at any pause—*i. e.*, if the sentence can be ended with a period and make sense—there is the place for a downward inflection, regardless of punctuation.

141. The double inflection. 3. The double inflection may be either down-and-up or up-and-down. (— —) Whichever way it goes, it directs attention to the word or phrase on which it is used. (See section 150.)

142. Exception. Emphasis sometimes changes the general practice of inflection. Unusual emphasis often carries the voice downward without regard to the completeness of what is being said.

143. Exercise. Read the following, giving attention to inflections:

“How that personage haunted my dreams, I need hardly tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook

the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous creature who never had but one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch, was the worst of nightmares.”

NOTE: For a more extended discussion of inflections see *The Principles of Oral English*, pp. 46-91, by Erastus Palmer (Macmillan).

EMPHASIS

144. Definition. Emphasizing a word vocally is speaking it so that it stands out from the other words about it. Emphasis is produced by contrast. To emphasize a word one must make it *different* from the words that surround it. There is a normal, unemphatic way of speaking words that are of no especial importance or interest. Emphasis is a departure from this normal way.

145. How to emphasize a word. Some of the ways of emphasizing a word vocally are as follows:

- (a) By making it louder than other words about it.
- (b) By making it not so loud.
- (c) By speaking it in a higher key.
- (d) By speaking it in a lower key.
- (e) By giving it unusual inflection.
- (f) By prolonging it.
- (g) By shortening it.
- (h) By pausing after it.
- (i) By pausing before it.

(j) By pausing before and after it.

(k) By changing the quality of voice when speaking it.

In actual practice two or more of these methods are usually combined.

146. a. Emphasizing a word by making it louder.

1. I said "*stop*, STOP! Do you hear?"

2. Hoarsely *roared* the swollen torrent.

3. "*Good speed!*" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew.

147. b. Emphasizing a word by making it not so loud.

1. "*Speed,*" echoed the wall to us galloping through.

2. Father and son?—*dead*.

3. Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do—and *die*.

148. c. Emphasizing a word by speaking it in a higher key.

1. Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
 The *lighthouse top* I see?
 Is this the *hill*? Is this the *kirk*?
 Is this mine own *countrie*?

2. A flash of *light* in the *darkness* leaps league on league of snarling *sea* and cries to shore for *help*.

149. d. Emphasizing a word by speaking it in a lower key.

1. Oh, *pooh*, send someone else.

2. "The beggar raised not the *gold* from the *dust*.
 Better to me the poor man's *crust*,

Better the *blessing* of the *poor*,
Though he turn me *empty* from his door."

3. Walls *crumble*; empires *pass away*.

150. *e.* **Emphasizing a word by giving it an unusual inflection.**

1. *Funny?* *Funny!*—I should say it was *funny*.

2. In Virginia was excitement, comradeship, possibly glory. (Read as an ordinary enumeration.)

(Read excitedly)—

In Virginia was *excitement*, *comradeship*, possibly *glory!*

3. But *God rules!* and *truth*, and *justice*, and the *love* of *man* for *man*. will *triumph* in the *end*.

151. *f.* **Emphasizing a word by prolonging it.**

1. *Break, break, break*
On thy *cold gray stones*, O *Sca!*

2. *Alone, alone, all, all alone,*
Alone on a *wide, wide sca.*

3. That's the way with men—always *wanting* and *wanting*, and never satisfied with what they have.

152. *g.* **Emphasizing a word by shortening it.**

1. *Stop! Stop!* I say—don't *stir!*

2. All this! Ay, more; *fret* till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your *slaves* how *choleric* you are!

3. Now, in the *name* of all the *gods* at *once*,
Upon what *meat* doth this our *Cesar* feed,
That he has *grown* so *great?*

153. *h.* **Emphasizing a word by pausing after it.**

1. *Time* | rolls his ceaseless *course*.
2. He is *depressed* | and *ill* | and *hopeless*.
3. He openly *boasts* | that he has done more in a week to "*settle*" | the question than Pasha did in a year.

154. *i.* **Emphasizing a word by pausing before it.**

1. He really is—*qucer*, shall we say?
2. "I'm—*killed*, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell—*dead*.
3. When education becomes—"practical"—it often ceases to be cultural.

155. *j.* **Emphasizing a word by pausing before and after it.**

1. They call this, making education—"useful"—and utility becomes their watchword.
2. And they call such brutes—*leaders*—of men.
3. Everyone knows that they are—*practically*—at least, the real law-makers.

156. *k.* **Emphasizing a word by changing the quality of the voice.**

1. I said an *elder* soldier, not a *better*;
Did I say *better*?
2. Why *look* you, how you *storm*!
I would be *friends* with you, and have your *love*,
Forget the *shames* that you have stained me with.
This is *kind* I offer.
3. He can be *smiling*, *hard*, *peevish*, *brutal*—all in a minute.

PLACING EMPHASIS

The proper oral reading of a sentence so closely follows its construction, and at the same

time is so infrequently understood, that a brief discussion of the sentence and how it is made follows.

157. Classes of words in sentences. Ordinarily sentences are made up of three classes of words—(1) structural words, (2) modifying words, (3) connecting words and particles.

1. Structural words are

- a.* the subject (noun or substantive)
- b.* the predicate (verb)
- c.* the complement (noun or adjective)

2. Modifying words are

- a.* adjectives (modifying nouns)
- b.* adverbs (modifying verbs, adjectives, and adverbs)
- c.* possessives (nouns and pronouns)
- d.* demonstratives (this, that, etc.)
- e.* relatives (which, who, that, etc.)
- f.* auxiliary verbs (have, shall, may, etc.)

3. Connective words and particles are

- a.* articles
- b.* prepositions
- c.* conjunctions and conjunctive adverbs
- d.* neuter verbs (be, become, etc.)

158. Emphasis in clauses. Clauses, whether dependent or independent, are made up in the same way as sentences are, so that what applies to emphasis in sentences applies in about the same way to emphasis in clauses.

Let us take the simplest type of sentence:

Boys fish.

Here it is evident that each word is pronounced with equal emphasis.

The boys fish for trout.

Here the words *boys*, *fish*, and *trout* are emphasized equally, while *the* and *for* are merely articulated clearly without emphasis.

The active boys fish quietly for the sly trout.

Here in the phrase *the active boys*

boys is most important

active is less important than boys

the is necessary but not important as compared with the other words.

So is *fish* more important than *quietly*, and *trout* than *sly*, whereas *for* and *the* are of little importance.

So where the sentence is read aloud:

The is merely pronounced distinctly

active is slightly emphasized

boys is strongly emphasized

fish is strongly emphasized

quietly is slightly emphasized

for is merely pronounced distinctly

the is merely pronounced distinctly

sly is slightly emphasized

trout is strongly emphasized.

Stated in another way,

boys—fish—trout, contain the bulk of the meaning of the sentence, and even if they were spoken without the other words the meaning would be understood. These principal words must be heard and felt if the idea in the sentence is to be comprehended, and so we emphasize them more than we do the others.

Active, quietly, sly help us to catch a little more accurately the thought, but they do not alter the principal fact, so we give them not so much weight when we read them.

The words—*for—the*—are merely the particles—the mortar between the bricks—and beyond articulating them clearly we give them slight attention.

NOTE: In words of more than one syllable the unaccented syllables are treated as if they were particles, which often they really are.

159. Principles of emphasis. The sentence discussed in 158 serves to illustrate the general principles of emphasis.

1. Structural words are usually delivered with primary emphasis.

2. Modifying words are usually delivered with secondary emphasis.

3. Connective words and particles are usually not emphasized, but merely articulated.

160. Exercise. Read, emphasizing as above.

a. The *American* COLLEGE *has* PLAYED a *unique* PART
in *American* LIFE.

b. The COLLEGE has been the SEAT of IDEALS.

c. ATHLETICS are INDISPENSABLE to the *normal* LIFE of
young MEN.

d. GOD SAID, "I am TIRED of KINGS!"

e. The BLOOD of *my* HEART is the WINE *they* DRINK.

f. GOD GRANT *you* DRAW *no quiet* BREATH

Until the MADNESS *you* BEGAN

Is ENDED, and *long-suffering* MAN,

Set FREE from WAR-LORDS CRIES,

"LET *there be* LIGHT!"

161. Exceptions. Naturally there are many exceptions to a principle so general, because any word may be emphasized. Some of the commoner exceptions are:

1. Pronouns or other words of reference are frequently unemphatic, even when used as structural words.

162. Exercise.

The UNDERGRADUATE *should have* SCHOLARS for TEACHERS. *They should* HOLD *his* ATTENTION *steadily* upon *great tested* BODIES of KNOWLEDGE, and *should* INSIST that *he* MAKE *himself* ACQUAINTED with *them*.

2. Words that express a contrast with something that has been said or is to be said are often given primary emphasis, whether they are structural words or not.

163. Exercise.

a. The comradeship of undergraduates will never breed the spirit of learning. The circle must be widened. It must include the OLDER men.

b. All four of these years must be COLLEGE years. They cannot be SCHOOL years.

c. Such men are not even OF the college; they are merely IN the college.

d. YOUNG men are capable of great enthusiasm for OLDER men.

3. Repeated words usually take primary emphasis.

164. Exercise.

a. In the beginning was the WORD, and the WORD was with GOD, and the WORD was GOD.

b. That this government of the PEOPLE, by the PEOPLE, and for the PEOPLE, should not perish from the earth.

165. Pupils' practice for emphasis. *a.* When learning to read, pupils should form the habit of picking out the structural words of sentences and emphasizing them. In exceptional sentences the natural instinct of the reader will enable him to mark the exceptional emphasis.

b. Beginning pupils should be taught not to emphasize connectives and particles and unaccented syllables. A common fault in reading is giving too much weight and importance to these small elements. They should not be omitted nor slurred over; they should be clearly articulated, but not emphasized.

c. A fault almost—perhaps quite—as common,

is reading qualifying words in the gushy, school-girl fashion, as if they were structural. In cases where such reading seems to be right, it will often be found that the sentence structure is faulty—that instead of expressing the principal thought in the subject and predicate, the writer has left it to qualifying words or phrases. In original oral work the attention of pupils should be carefully and constantly directed to the fact that principal thoughts should be expressed by principal words in sentences, not by secondary words.

END WORDS

166. End words. *a.* One of the rules of composition is that a word standing at the end of a phrase, a clause, or a sentence, is in an important position and should be an important word. Many readers and speakers either do not know of this rule or else do not follow it. These end words in phrases, clauses, and sentences are very often most important; and when they are, they should be made emphatic when read or spoken aloud.

b. It is not an uncommon thing to hear readers and speakers “swallow” the ends of sentences. When they get toward the end of one sentence, their minds naturally turn to what is coming next, and they neglect the last words. The pitch lowers, the stress weakens, the articulation is less sharp,—briefly, the end of the sentence is a blur, whereas it should be most strong and distinct.

167. Phrasing. *a.* Phrasing is grouping words together vocally so that their grammatical and rhetorical relations will be heard and understood. Phrasing involves two things

(*a*) pauses (marked | between words)

(*b*) inflections

b. One of the commonest faults in reading and speaking is the meaningless placing of pauses. There are two reasons for pausing: (1) for emphasis; (2) to indicate a grouping of words that constitute a grammatical or rhetorical phrase.

c. Pausing for emphasis has already been discussed. (See Emphasis *h, i, j.*) Little else need be said, except that it is sometimes hard to tell whether to pause or not after an emphatic word. Sometimes the use of the rhetorical pause (for emphasis) interferes with the fluency, the coherence, of the whole sentence. In such cases it is ordinarily best to omit the rhetorical pause and keep the uninterrupted flow of thought, using another means of emphasizing the important word or words.

168. Phrasing illustrated. In the following sentence, *They ask what is the real worth in the market of a liberal education*, the word *worth* is important and evidently needs to be emphasized when read aloud. The reader must decide whether he shall pause after *worth* to emphasize it, or whether the close (restrictive) connection between *worth* and *in the market* will lead him to omit the pause. Upon careful analysis he may

determine the complement of *is* to be *worth in the market*, not *worth* alone. If so, he decides to keep this group together, not to separate the parts by pausing after *worth*. He may emphasize *worth* in another way as he speaks it.

A careful reader must constantly analyze the sentences he pronounces so that *what they mean* may be brought out by his reading. The skillful teacher will persistently urge the inseparable connection between the sentence structure and meaning, and the oral reading of the sentence.

169. Restrictive and non-restrictive modifiers. The most practical way to learn the difference between restrictive and non-restrictive modifiers is to study them vocally.

In the sentence "They argue as if everything had its price, and that where there has been a great outlay they have a right to expect a great return in kind" the question comes on the relation between *return* and *kind*. Is the phrase *in kind* restrictive or non-restrictive? If the latter, a pause will come properly after *return*; but if the former, the two should not be separated by a pause.

Another example: "Some men insist that education should be confined to some particular and narrow end, and should issue in some narrow work which can be weighed and measured."

The reader must here decide whether the relative clause *which—measured* is restrictive or non-restrictive. If the latter, *work* is followed by a

pause; but if the former, there can properly be no pause after *work*.

170. Restrictives. In the two examples given there may be an honest doubt about the restrictive relation of the modifiers indicated. In the following, however, there can be no doubt that the relative clause is restrictive and that it cannot be separated from *those* without destroying the coherence of the sentence: "This is the obvious answer to those who urge the claims of utility in education."

On words coming before restrictive modifiers the downward inflection cannot properly be used. On words before non-restrictive modifiers the inflection is up or down as the emphasis on the word modified requires.

The first example above, if restrictive, is read—*What is the real worth in the market*, with an upward inflection on *worth* and no pause after it.

If non-restrictive it may be read *What is the real worth | in the market*,—with a downward inflection and a pause after it.

The second example above, if restrictive, is read—*They have a right to expect a great return in kind*,—with an upward inflection on *return* and no pause after it. If non-restrictive, it is read—*They have a right to expect a great return | in kind*.

POETRY

171. How to read poetry. There is a vast difference of opinion about reading poetry. At one

extreme are those who say that poetry should be read as if it were rhythmical prose, with little or no regard to cæsural or other pause than that required by the sentence structure, and with no more accent than that which the natural emphasis gives. At the other extreme are those who say that readers of poetry should be governed strictly by the metrical structure of the poetry read. Alfred Noyes says that now-a-days it is the fashion of those reading poetry to disregard that which the poet has worked hardest to put into his work—*i. e.*, its tone and rhythm; and at times Mr. Noyes' own reading is a musical chant.

The writer believes that the best practice lies between the two extremes. No reading of poetry should neglect either the rhythm or the meaning. Obviously in passages where tone and rhythm are essential to express what the poet wishes to express, these elements must be strongly brought out by the reader.

172. Exercise. Note the necessity of following closely the rhythm in the following.

Take away the rhythm that is carefully wrought into these lines, and you have little left; at least you have lost that which first impresses one who hears the lines, and which remains longest with him.

1. I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he,
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;

“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

3. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe’s cheek
And love to lie in dimples sleek.

4. The year’s at the spring,
 And the day’s at the morn;
 Morning’s at seven;
 The hillside’s dew-pearled:
 The lark’s on the wing;
 The snail’s on the thorn;
 God’s in his heaven—
 All’s right with the world.

5. A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, thro’ the gloom and the
 light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

173. Exercise. On the other hand, read the following and note how slightly the rhythmical element is felt.

1. And thus he wandered, dumb,
Till evening, when he paused, thoroughly spent,
On a blind hilltop; down the gorge he went,
Yielding himself up as to an embrace;
The moon came out; like features of a face
A querulous fraternity of pines,
Sad blaekthorn clumps, leafless and grovelling
vines
Also came out, made gradually up the picture.
2. Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak
From the snows five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And hurled it like sleet 'gainst the wanderer's
cheek.
3. Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Examples need not be multiplied to show that frequently regular rhythm may be almost entirely lacking and pauses may come with utter irregularity in lines of poetry. Most poems, however, combine the meaning of the lines with the movement of the rhythm, and it is usually possible to read them so that neither the meaning nor the rhythm is lost. Personal temperament or fancy may emphasize one or the other, but it should not excuse a reader from neglecting either.

CHAPTER V

DIALECT SPEECH

174. American dialect. No language is without forms of speech characterized by local peculiarities. The American speech has a vast number of peculiarities, because the American people come from every corner of the globe and bring with them peculiarities of every sort. No standard speech can be established until these peculiarities are removed. A concrete illustration of the speech condition in many of our schools is found in a recent picture of twenty-two pupils from one room in a Utica, N. Y., school. In this picture each pupil holds a placard bearing the name of his nationality. Twenty-two different sets of speech faults in one room,—it seems incredible; and yet in the seventh grade of a similar Utica school the writer heard a recitation from a class of pupils very few of whom were children of American-born parents, but not one of whom showed any strong dialect in his speech.

It is not difficult to remove a dialect from the speech of boys and girls not over sixteen or seventeen years old. Above that age it is not impossible, although it is difficult in many adults.

175. Correcting dialect. There are two methods of correcting dialect peculiarities:

1. By imitating correct sound.

2. By manipulating the organs of speech so that they produce correct sounds. (See *The Sounds of English*, by Henry Sweet, p. 16.)

176. Imitation. *a.* This is perhaps the quickest and easiest way, and the only one that can be used by the teacher who has not had the training necessary for the other method. The success of imitation depends largely upon the ear of the pupil. If the pupil detects readily the difference in sound between his own speech and the standard set by the teacher, he will be able gradually to bring his own speech up to that standard. However, for various reasons, many dialect-speaking pupils cannot hear their own faults.

b. The first thing to find out in each case of dialect is what sounds are misproduced. To do this listen closely to the speaking and reading of the pupil and make careful notes of every word in which there is any trace of dialect, until there are collected a considerable number of observations. Then classify the errors and note carefully the ones which occur most frequently. For example, in the case of X may be found three chief faults:

w is pronounced *v* — we = ve

th is pronounced *d* — this = dis

z is pronounced *ss* — his = his

c. If X can hear the difference between *w* and *v*, *th* and *d*, *z* and *ss*, it will be enough to call attention to his errors and furnish sufficient practice in the right sounds, until he wears out the dialect. If, however, X is tone-deaf or otherwise

deficient and insists "I do not say *ve*, I say *ve!*" the other plan must be followed to cure him.

177. The manipulation of the organs of speech.

a. It is a scientific fact that when any set of speech organs is placed in a certain position, a certain sound will be made. The anatomy of normal persons is nearly enough alike for this. The properly equipped teacher should know exactly what position the speech organs should take for every sound, vowel or consonant; and he should know how to get a pupil's speech organs into each position. For example, in the *w-v* sounds given above, the teacher should show the pupil that *v* is made by thrusting the lower lip against the upper front teeth, and that *w* is made by pushing the lips forward in front of the teeth as far as they will go, and rounding them. When a pupil's lips are in this latter position, he cannot possibly make the sound of *v*, and *vice versa*.

b. The descriptions of the various vowel and consonant sounds and the illustrations that accompany them will help even an untrained teacher to use this second method of manipulation.

c. Faulty consonant sounds are not so hard to correct as are faulty vowel sounds. There are certain vowel sounds in every language that are peculiar to that language. They cannot be used in speaking another language, although the spelling may be the same in both. The earlier children can be drilled in the use of the American vowels, the better. Such drill should continue until American vowels are fixed. Vowel drill and consonant

drill need not necessarily be separated, although for various reasons progress will be faster if the vowel sounds are first corrected.

d. No better exercises can be here given than those already prescribed in the sections on *Vowels* and *Consonants*.

178. Rhythm a source of dialect. Rhythm, which is largely the result of emphasis, is another source of dialect speech. A child that speaks a foreign language in his home often carries the foreign "accent" into his American speech. This habit can be cured by careful attention to emphasis when he reads or speaks the American speech. This has been explained in the section on *Emphasis*, and the exercises given there will be found useful in establishing the American speech rhythm.

179. Intonation a source of dialect. Another source of dialect is tone. American is not a tonal speech in any technical sense, and yet there are in it certain characteristic intonations peculiar to the language. These must be acquired, and they can only be acquired by patient and intelligent drill, that will drive out alien intonation and establish American. This is a matter too delicate and complicated to discuss on paper. Perhaps the phonograph may in time be used for such instruction.

CHAPTER VI

SPEAKING IN PUBLIC

180. Why do we speak? There are four reasons for speaking to an audience:

1. To entertain it.
2. To explain something that you want it to know.
3. To convince it that it should believe as you do.
4. To get it to act as you would have it act.

A single purpose may prompt you to speak, or the purposes may be, and usually are, combined.

181. To entertain. This is the purpose of narration and description. Entertainment usually takes the form of story-telling, relating unusual occurrences, describing quaint persons or places, and the like. To be entertaining a speaker must make his hearers see what he describes as he saw it, hear it as he heard it, feel it as he felt it, smell and taste it as he smelled and tasted it. In other words he must appeal directly to the senses of his hearers. Such appeal is best made by the use of concrete details that have come within the experience of the listeners. Interest is most readily gained by the use of first-hand, concrete details; in fact it is difficult to arouse it in any other

way. Hence most entertainment is either narrative or descriptive.

NOTE: This subject (Interest) is discussed at length in many rhetorics. It is admirably treated in Chapter II of Charles Sears Baldwin's *Composition, Oral and Written* (Longmans, Green & Co.).

182. To explain. This is the purpose of exposition. A classroom recitation on any subject, telling how to make something, how to run a machine, how to break a horse, how to trim a hat, how to build a camp-fire, how to get from one place to another,—such things as these require perfect clearness. They must be easily understood to be of value. If in addition to being made clear they can also be made interesting, their value is doubled, and speakers should make use of first-hand, concrete details to illustrate their expository matter.

The principle of clearness is more difficult to carry out in speaking than in writing, because an audience has but one chance to hear what is spoken, whereas a reader may go over what is written as many times as necessary to understand it. Not only should the usual rules for clearness be followed, but a speaker should study his audience and by simplicity of statement, illustration, repetition, re-statement,—be sure that what he says is understood.

183. To convince. This is the purpose of *argument*. Argument appeals to the reason of hearers,—to their minds. It goes a step farther than exposition. A statement may be interesting, or it may be perfectly clear, and yet not be con-

vincing. One may be much interested in a family of puppies, or in a story about the sagacity of a mother-dog; he may understand perfectly the peculiarities of the different kinds of dogs and know how to train them; yet he may be opposed to keeping a dog, perhaps because he is afraid of rabies. If you want to sell this person a dog, you must convince him that cases of rabies are very few in comparison to the number of dogs living, that rabies and the danger from rabies are lessening, that the particular breed of dog you wish him to buy has never been known to have rabies, etc., etc.

It need hardly be said that clearness in your argument is absolutely essential. Your customer will not believe, will not even listen to what he cannot understand. Likewise you are much more likely to convince him that his fear of rabies is unwarranted if he is interested in what you say to him. So that all three kinds of appeal may properly and profitably be combined.

184. To induce action.¹ This is the purpose of *persuasion*. To induce action is a step farther than to convince. If you would have the person you are talking to do what you want him to, you must appeal to his will. He may enjoy what you say, he may understand every word, he may believe what you tell him, and yet he may not do what you want him to do. Most people who hear Billy Sunday enjoy him, they understand all he

¹This subject is discussed at length in Chapter 5ff. of *Effective Speaking*, by A. E. Phillips (The Newton Co.), to which the student is referred.

says, they may be convinced that what he says is true; but if the evangelist appealed to his audiences in no other way than these, his converts would be few. For example he not only makes clear that drinking is an evil and convinces his listeners that it is wrong; he touches their hearts and induces them to give up drinking and vote and work against liquor selling.

THE SUBJECT

185. Choosing a subject. The choice of subject is governed by three things:

1. The audience—its capabilities and attitude.
2. The occasion and purpose of the speech.
3. The capability of the speaker and his knowledge of his subject.

186. The audience. There are many different kinds of audiences. It is easier to find a subject on which to speak to a class than to find one on which to speak to the whole school or to a commencement crowd of people of various ages. For example a class of high-school seniors studying Burke's *Speech on Conciliation* would listen with understanding and interest to an account of the effect of the speech on American colonists. The whole school might not be able to appreciate it; the larger audience would have little interest in it. A speaker should study his audience and try to choose a subject which it will understand and be interested in.

187. The occasion helps in the choice of subject. A school recitation, a class dinner, a prayer

meeting, a school assembly, a board of education meeting,—each needs a different sort of subject. What would make *a hit* at a class dinner would hardly be suitable for a Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting. Even if the same general subject were selected, the purpose of the speech would require a different theme in each case. For example, if dancing be the general topic, the classroom discussion might be of the early purpose and style of dancing as one of the fine arts; the school assembly might be interested in a proposal to introduce instruction in folk dancing; at the class dinner might properly be discussed the desirability of having a class dance; in a prayer meeting the moral effects of dancing in the community might be considered; to the board of education an appeal might be made for the use of one of the rooms in the school house for a dancing class or a school dance.

188. The speaker's capability and knowledge should have considerable weight in determining his subject. Theoretically one speaks to any audience because he knows more about the subject than the audience does. That is literally so in actual life; it should be as far as possible so in the practice work of learning to speak. To be effective a speaker should understand his subject thoroughly, he should be interested in it, and he should be convinced that his attitude toward it is the right one. Any evidence of ignorance, of indifference, of uncertainty that appears in his speech will lessen its effectiveness.

Every speaker will do well to spend considerable time in selecting the subject on which he is to speak. He will save time in this way.

HOW TO PREPARE A SPEECH

189. Kinds of speeches. In school practice there are two kinds of speeches,—(1) the *memorized* selection, and (2) the *original speech*.

190. 1. The memorized speech is usually a declamation, a recitation, or a piece of memory work. The usual way to memorize a selection is to say the words over and over until they can be repeated without reference or prompting. This is bad practice. Such preparation begins at the wrong end of the task.

191. How to memorize. Ordinarily such preparation gets little farther than the words themselves. A better preparation for a memorized selection is, first, to read it over to get its general meaning; second, to study the meaning of each paragraph and its relation to the whole selection; then study the meaning of each sentence in each paragraph and its relation to other sentences in the paragraph.

192. First practice. Having done this, a student can readily make an outline or brief of the whole selection. Let him then attempt to speak the selection in his own words; he will find ordinarily that the words he uses are very nearly those of the original. If it is important (as in poetry) that the exact words of the original be

used, he will have little trouble in committing them to memory to use in saying the *thoughts* he has memorized.

193. Thought and speaking. Any exercise which allows pupils merely to pronounce words in a mechanical, heedless way is not only valueless, but is positively harmful. From the first the pupil should be taught to think the thoughts of the writer and to express those thoughts in the way natural to the pupil, that is, the way in which he would have said them if they had been original with him. The greatest faults in speaking memorized selections do not usually come from faulty enunciation and pronunciation, but from failure to understand the thoughts read.

194. The speaker's attitude. In preparatory practice the speaker should try to consider himself as the originator of what he is saying and should put himself in the place of the originator. For example if a girl is reciting a speech of Rosalind's from *As You Like It*, she should try to sound like Rosalind, act like Rosalind, be Rosalind. A boy declaiming a part of the *Conciliation Speech* should try to be Burke, and to imagine himself speaking to Parliament. In either case the student must be alive to the meaning of what is said, to the circumstances in which it is said, to the people to whom it is said, and should try to make all these evident to the audience.

195. Choosing speeches. Here again the nature of the selection is important. It is better that a boy should speak the kind of declamation that will

let him put himself in the place of the one who first spoke it, which is the kind of speaking he will do after he leaves school. Declamatory effusions, like "Regulus to the Carthaginians," or "Signing the Declaration" ought to be avoided. So should dramatic descriptions like "The Death Bed of Benedict Arnold," "The Death of Porthos," etc. Not many boys are likely to be called upon to perform in such fashion in actual life, and their preparation might better be along useful lines. The direct, earnest speeches of Lincoln, of Roosevelt, of Woodrow Wilson, are far better models for boys.

196. Drill. There is considerable difference of opinion among instructors about drilling students to speak. Some believe that imitative drill is all wrong; others that it is the quickest and surest way of cultivating effective speech habits. The writer believes that the imitation of a well handled voice is often most beneficial to a pupil with a quick and accurate ear. If imitation will get the thing done, why not use it? It should not be used, however, alone, nor before the pupil has done his part of preparation, as above described; except that it is frequently helpful to have the instructor read aloud effectively the selection which the pupil is to work on—to give him a general impression of the whole selection. "Parrot drill" has little place in school work. Skillful questioning, suggesting alternative methods, opening a way for self-criticism, any plan which will set the pupil to thinking about what he says is better. Pupils

should be made to hear their own voices if possible. They should be taught to use an agreeable quality of voice; harsh or unnecessarily loud speaking should be discouraged; direct, earnest, natural, simple tones and inflections should be cultivated; that which is bombastic and exaggerated should be avoided. "Animated conversation" perhaps best expresses the ideal.

197. Committee on American speech. The following extract, from a recent statement by the Committee on American Speech appointed by the National Council of Teachers of English, contains useful suggestions.

"In developing the school work on voice and speech, the following principles should be kept in mind:

1. Discourage speaking and singing of a 'show' character in the schools, loud and elaborate singing, 'stunt' elocutionary performances, formal 'contests' in oratory and debating. But require moderate and varied speech, singing, and reading of everybody.

2. For most of the pupils the positive instruction should be gentle, gradual, almost unconseious, but continuous. In reading and talking, and singing as well, the attention should be directed to the thought and feeling of the matter to be expressed, not to the points of technique.

3. Harsh or loud tones should be discouraged, alike in pupils and in teachers. It would be a happy consummation if the practice of 'rooting,' so harmful to the voice, could be stopped, or lessened, but after all an occasional vocal 'spree' of 'rooting' hurts the voice less than continual harshness, whining, mumbling, in daily life.

Give attention first of all to *tone*—that it shall be quiet, pleasant, clear—and to distinctness; then to faults of dialect and local usage, in utterance and pronunciation; then to variety of inflection, etc. Especially try to connect as much as possible the work in speech and reading with the work in singing.’’

198. 2. The original speech. There are two ways in which to prepare an original speech: to write it out in full and memorize it, and to plan the speech and speak from the plan without determining exactly what words to use. There are certain advantages in each way which need not be here discussed. The first mentioned is probably the easier, though for persons with accurate memories and a ready flow of words, the second may be.

199. Material and plan. There must in either case be plenty of material, and there must be a plan. In the argument this plan is the brief, and in other forms of speaking the plan or outline may well follow the general scheme suggested for making the brief. (See pp. 162, 163.)

200. First practice. Enough is said about gathering material and making outlines in the sections on *Oral Composition* and *Debate*. We will suppose these steps to have been taken, and that the speaker has his material and his plan before him. What next? His problem is to get what he has to say into such shape as to fit his audience,—amuse it, or inform it, or convince it, or move it. Here all the art of the writer should first be employed. What is to be said should be written

out and reduced to the most effective form. Then it should be thrown away, and written out, and thrown away again; and the process should be repeated until the whole has been fixed in mind. This done, the speaker may practice his speech orally, trying various wordings for their vocal effects, studying what to make important, and what not to. He should speak entirely without notes and be perfectly free to use his hands, to change position on the platform, to give his whole attention to his delivery and his audience.

NOTE: For a full discussion of the original speech the student is referred to *Public Speaking*, pp. 396-457, by J. A. Winans (Sewell Pub. Co.).

CHAPTER VII

ORAL COMPOSITION

201. Definition. Composition as used in connection with English teaching means organized verbal expression of thought. Verbal expression may be written or oral. For many years most high school and college compositions have been written. Recently, however, educators have come to feel the need of oral composition to relieve the pressure of written work, and to give pupils greater speech skill.

Written composition alone has been found inadequate to give pupils facility in self-expression. Oral composition alone will not teach pupils the decencies of preparing manuscript. There is general agreement that the two methods are complementary and should be used together. Just how much practice in expression should be oral and how much written is yet open to discussion. The writer believes that at least twice as much oral work should be done as written. The limits of this book permit no extensive discussion of oral composition, but a general outline follows.

The plan recommended covers three successive composition periods. The first day's work consists of bringing into class and discussing material to be used; the second, the presentation of

oral themes; the third, writing out what has been prepared and presented orally.

The following will serve to illustrate this plan of oral composition.

202. Subject. Abraham Lincoln.

Assignments—(one to each pupil).

1. Lincoln's parentage.
2. His early home life in Kentucky, 1809-16.
3. His life in Indiana, 1830-31.
4. His flat-boating, 1830-31.
5. His life at New Salem, 1831-32.
6. The Black Hawk War.
7. Lincoln as a storekeeper, postmaster, and deputy to county surveyor.
8. As Assemblyman.
9. Lincoln studies law.
10. The Lincoln-Shields duel.
11. As Congressman to 1849.
12. Practicing law, 1849-54.
13. The Lincoln-Douglas Debates.
14. The Presidential Campaign of 1860.
15. As president-elect.
16. First inauguration.
17. Fort Sumter.
18. Early period as president.
19. Lincoln and emancipation.
20. Lincoln and the soldiers.
21. Re-election in 1864.
22. Second inauguration.
23. His second administration.
24. The end of the war.
25. Lincoln's death.
26. How a nation mourned.

27. What Lincoln did for America.

28. Lincoln's mastery of English.

Ida Tarbell's *Life of Lincoln* will furnish material for each of these themes.

203. Material. In an exercise like this a topic is given to each pupil with an exact reference directing him what to read and where to find his material to read. On the first composition day he is ready to state briefly what he has found, and in a few words the teacher will indicate what he is to do with his material. The pupil who is assigned the first topic above—"Lincoln's Parentage"—will bring into class and present facts somewhat as follows:

Lincoln's family came to America from England. Settled in Hingham, Mass., in 1635. One Samuel Lincoln left a large family,—four sons who became prominent in colonial affairs. Their descendants were mostly well educated and prosperous: Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, Supreme Court Judge, graduates of Harvard and Williams, Governor of Maine, Member of General Assembly in Pennsylvania. Abraham Lincoln, grandfather of the president, was a prosperous farmer in Virginia. Sold out and followed in the trail of Daniel Boone to Kentucky. Shot and killed by Indians. Left three children; the youngest, Thomas, was the father of Abraham Lincoln. A good carpenter, but unprogressive and illiterate. Married Nancy Hanks, a sweet tempered, beautiful woman, the center of country merry-making, and a famous spinner and housewife,—a cousin. Lived at Elizabethtown, Ky. Here Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809.

204. Determining the theme. When these facts have been read or told, the teacher by questioning or by direction should show the pupil what to make the central idea in his theme. It may be in this case the idea that Abraham Lincoln was not "white trash" as many suppose, but that he descended directly from excellent people and that the wonderful abilities that he later developed may well have been inherited.

With this (or some central thought) to group his ideas around, the pupil will then prepare a speech of two hundred or two hundred and fifty words for the next day.

205. Oral presentation. On the second day each pupil will present his theme orally. Careful preparation in arranging material and practice in shaping and speaking it will enable him to cover the essential points in the time given. When he is called, he should step to the front of the room, face the class, and talk directly and earnestly to them. He should confine himself strictly to the time that is allotted. If he runs over his time, he should be sent to his seat, even if his theme is not finished.

The second day's oral theme may be something like the following:

A great many people think that because Abraham Lincoln lived in a log hut when he was a boy, and read by the firelight, and did his arithmetic lessons on shingles, he was poor white trash. His father was poor—a carpenter in the days when most folks lived in log houses, and there were not many people or houses. But the Lin-

colns of earlier times were among the first settlers of Massachusetts and were a well-to-do, well educated, and prominent family. Among them we find a governor, a lieutenant governor, a supreme court judge, members of legislative bodies, college graduates, professional men, and prosperous tradesmen. They were a mighty race, big in body and mind. Nothing trashy about these men. Lincoln's grandfather, after whom he was named Abraham, owned a great deal of land in Virginia, which he sold for 5000 pounds, so that he could follow the trail of Daniel Boone to Kentucky. Records show that he owned seventeen hundred acres of land there, and that he had personal property which at his death was valued at 69 pounds,—a very respectable sum in those days when an axe and a rifle were about all a man needed.

On the mother's side the Hanks family were little if any less prosperous than the Lincolns. They came to America in 1699, and old deeds show that they were owners of large tracts of land. Thus it will be seen that Lincoln came of an excellent family.

206. Criticism. Criticisms of oral themes should follow immediately after the theme. They should be constructive, although gross errors should be pointed out and corrected. The class will readily furnish most of this criticism; what it omits can be supplied by the teacher.

207. The written composition. The third day's assignment, the written theme, may cover the same ground, or it may be longer. For this a group of four or five may all have the same subject which is based on the material which all four or five have used in their oral themes. Thus the first five topics on Lincoln might be combined

under one title, "Lincoln's Early Life." By close attention in class the principal facts to be used will be gathered. These papers should be carefully written outside and brought to class. There, one from each group may be read and commented upon. Later they should be corrected in the usual way.

208. Stories. Later, a day spent on Lincoln stories and anecdotes will furnish material for other interesting themes. These may be told to illustrate various characteristics of the great man—his shrewdness, his tenderness, his wit, his determination, his love of fun, his physical strength, etc., etc.—two or three anecdotes by as many pupils to illustrate each one.

209. Discussion. After this a debate on some question suggested by the reading and discussion can be planned. For example, Was Lincoln right in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation? Was Lincoln right in holding that no state can exist part slave and part free? Did Lincoln treat McClellan fairly?

210. Description. Lincoln's cabinet might next be described, two or three pupils taking each member. Each should take a different part, one a description of the appearance and personality of the man, another his work in the cabinet, a third his relations with Lincoln, or Lincoln's opinion of him as illustrated by an incident or story.

211. Other topics. All this about Lincoln is given to illustrate how a subject may be handled and how the same material may be used for a

variety of purposes. The same sort of exercises may be devised for any sort of subject: farming, football, the question of woman's voting, moving pictures, Robert Louis Stevenson, dancing, Andrew Carnegie, the theater of Shakespeare's day, my favorite book. There is no end of subjects which readily lend themselves to oral and written treatment and which furnish practice in the various kinds of writing.

CHAPTER VIII

ARGUMENT

212. Kinds of argument. One of the best forms of oral practice for high school pupils is the discussion *pro* and *con* of unsettled questions. Such discussion may be informal, without definite plan or set rules; or it may be formal, a regular game with fixed rules, like tennis or baseball. The latter is debate, for debate is an intellectual contest, the scheme and rules of which are clearly defined and established, and to be followed strictly.

Informal discussions arise constantly. They are ordinarily the result of personal differences of opinion, and when they merely express such differences they are of slight value, for they are not much more than contradicting matches. In informal discussions pupils should be taught always to state the facts that have led them to form their opinions.

213. Choosing subjects for informal discussion. In the following topics for informal discussions let the facts be given to support each side.

1. Was Eppie right in refusing to leave Silas Marner to go to Godfrey and Nancy Cass?

2. Was there any justification for Jessica's running off with Lorenzo?

3. Does Shylock deserve to be pitied?

4. Did *Ivanhoe* treat Rebecca as he should have treated her?

5. Is the story of *Ivanhoe* improbable?

6. Can the murder of Caesar be justified?
7. Was Brutus an honorable man?
8. Was Brutus a better man than Caesar?
9. Should John Alden have spoken for himself?

Such topics as these may come up for discussion in any class. They can be a sheer waste of time, or they can be very profitable. If the clashing opinions are carefully analyzed, and reasons found for them and stated with a proper regard for the decencies of speech, informal discussions like these are to be encouraged. It is hardly worth while to attempt a formal debate of such topics, because the available facts are few and usually not evenly balanced between the two sides.

DEBATE

214. Some rules of formal debate. As has been stated, debate is an intellectual game, like a spelling match, and it should be played strictly according to rules.

Rule 1. There should be a proposition with two fairly well-balanced sides.

Rule 2. The proposition should be so stated and the meaning of the words in it so defined that there can be no question as to what it means.

Rule 3. The sides should agree not to discuss matters that do not bear directly upon the subject.

Rule 4. The sides should join issue; that is they should discuss the same phases of the proposition.

Rule 5. The debaters should deal with facts, for, so far as material is concerned, nothing but facts are of value in debate.

215. 1. The proposition. *a.* It should be debatable.

To be debatable a proposition—

1. Must have two sides that are evenly balanced. If one side is much stronger than the other, there can be no debate. For example: *Resolved, that drinking whisky injures a person's health*, is hardly debatable in these days of scientific research. One would scarcely defend whisky-drinking on the ground of its preserving health, or even on the negative ground of its not injuring health.

2. Must be stated clearly, simply, affirmatively, and so that the real question at issue will be discussed rather than the meaning of one of the words used in stating it. For example: *For and against equal suffrage* or *Women should be given the vote* are better statements than *Women should have the right to vote in all elections*. Under the last statement might arise a discussion as to whether voting is a "right," and also as to whether anyone could vote or would want to vote in all elections.

3. Must throw the burden of proof on the affirmative. He who asserts must prove, and assertions that need proof are ordinarily made against existing conditions or general belief.

4. Must be not too difficult nor too broad for beginners, and it will be better if it can be within their own interests and experience. For example: it is better for high school students to study and discuss the advisability of building a new school-house, abolishing mid-year examinations, omitting

the annual speeches of students at graduation, or some other similar subject within their powers, than to undertake the tariff or the income tax or the independence of the Philippines. Such subjects as the last named may do for inter-school debates upon which weeks of preparation are spent, but not for classroom practice. Local elections, school meeting, town meeting, civic matters, the building of public buildings or public roads, bridges, parks, etc., are suitable for high school debate.

MATERIAL

216. Studying both sides. A mistake often made by debaters is to gather material only on their side of the proposition. No practice is more detrimental to debating. One cannot debate well unless he is well informed about the proposition, and that means both sides of the proposition. The question cannot be properly analyzed, issues cannot be correctly determined, rebuttal cannot be planned, unless both sides are understood. It is not how good a tennis player you are that wins games for you; it is how good a player you are as compared with your various opponents. So, you may have in a debate what you think is a good argument, but it may be worthless in the light of what your opponent has to say. You cannot know of its weakness unless you know what is likely to be said against it, and if you do not know you cannot strengthen your argument.

Hence, read everything you can about the proposition you are debating.

217. Gathering material. Where to get material depends on the nature of the question to be debated. The first and most important lesson to be learned is that nothing but facts, accurately stated, are of any great value. What a debater himself thinks, or what anyone else thinks, matters very little unless the facts on which his opinion is based are known and stated, and the more facts, the better. Matters of local interest require local investigation—the local papers, addresses, interviews with persons directly connected with public affairs, public records, reports of officials, and the like. For example, if the debate is on the proposal to build a new schoolhouse, all the facts connected with the present school are important—the condition of the building, the number of pupils, the equipment, the effect of the school building and its equipment on the pupils' comfort, convenience, promotion, examinations, leaving school; a comparison of your school, its conditions and results, with other schools—some better, some worse; your school and its work as related to the educational policies of the state department; the cost of erecting and maintaining a new school as compared with the old, the tax-rate and the probable increase, possible methods of meeting the cost, the ability of the community to do it, the effect on the community of the old school and the possible effect of the new one; the opinion and advice of the state officials, of members of the board of education, of superintendent, principal, and teachers, of alumni, of former school officials,

of prominent citizens; possible alterations in the old building to correct present defects, and the comparative cost; other local matters of greater importance that need attention; e. g. water, sewers, fire protection.

218. Sources. Whenever first-hand information from original sources is available, it should be gathered; but in many propositions such information cannot be had. Then debaters must rely on reading for their material, and the usual books of reference—encyclopedias, books on the subject, magazines, congressional and other records, newspaper almanacs, reports of debates, newspapers—all must be searched for material. The debater should understand from the beginning that it is not important what view an article takes of the matter under discussion. It need not be in support of his side of the controversy; in fact, opposite opinion is of the greater value, in a way, for it indicates what the opponents will attempt to prove and thus helps you to meet their arguments. It shows you how opponents will meet your arguments and thus informs you as to which of your arguments they are most afraid, and it likewise shows the weak places in your argument. The debater who gets into a debate with only his own argument prepared is like a boxer attempting to spar with one hand, and just about as effective.

Some state and city libraries will collect and furnish material for debate subjects. Debaters should make use of such opportunities because of the time saved.

219. Things to avoid. The greatest detriment to the work of debate is the ready-made brief and argument. These should be kept out of libraries and away from young debaters, because at best they furnish only third-hand material and they deprive them of one of the greatest benefits of the debating—original investigation.

HANDLING MATERIAL

220. Briefing. The handiest way to record material is on small cards—one fact, with the source from which it came, on each card.

Need of New Building Ventilation

It is not possible to ventilate the building as it is, nor to install a suitable system of ventilation in it.

Report of Engineer X. Y. Smith to Board of Education.

Letter, June 6, 1916.

221. Determining issues. When the reading is done and the cards filled out, they should be sorted so that all facts bearing on a topic are together. Part of these will be affirmative and part negative on the various divisions of the subject. Wherever there are several opposing items, there is a clash of opinion between the two sides, and the result is what is technically known as an issue. If the ground has been thoroughly covered there will be several such issues. For example, in

gathering material on the proposal to build a new schoolhouse, you will find that opinions and facts may differ as to the need of a new building; that, then, becomes an issue. Other issues may arise as to whether the community can afford it or not, whether the present time is the best in which to build, or whether other matters should first be attended to, and so on. *Wherever material gathered shows divergent opinions, there is an issue.*

222. Arranging material. After issues are determined, comes the arrangement of material in support of your side of each issue. Such an arrangement is made by taking the material from the cards and writing it in the form of an outline, or brief, on theme paper. The following method is simple and useful:

1. Statement of proposition.
2. Defining terms and restating proposition in terms of the definitions given.
3. Excluding all admitted or extraneous items.
4. Statement of issues resulting from clash of opinion.

(These may be omitted in the negative brief.)

5. Proof for affirmative.

a. First issue with its proof.

b. Second issue with its proof.

And so on until all issues are covered.

223. The brief. Here is a simple and practical way of making the body of the brief:

AFFIRMATIVE PROOF

A. *There is need of a new schoolhouse* (first issue).

Assertion to be proved	Facts	Sources
The seating capacity is not large enough, for	<p>Total pupils, 496</p> <p>Total seats in the auditorium are 350</p> <p>Recitation rooms hold but 24 each</p> <p>Average size of classes is 32. Some are as large as 44</p>	<p>Principal's register</p> <p>Seats numbered</p> <p>Counted</p> <p>Teachers' records</p>
The laboratories are inadequate, for	<p>The rooms used are old class rooms that were not originally planned for laboratories</p> <p>They lack proper laboratory facilities—gas, water, individual tables, apparatus, cabinets, etc.</p> <p>They are not large enough for classes. Physics 2 has 44 students and 20 tables, etc.</p>	<p>Statement of former principal</p> <p>Personal experience</p> <p>Personal experience</p>
The heating facilities in the building are faulty, for	<p>There are ten old hot-air furnaces. They take too much time and coal. In two months last winter they burned enough coal to heat the whole building by a steam system. Took 120 tons. Steam would have taken but 75 tons</p> <p>The heat is unevenly distributed. Some rooms are too hot and some too cold. On days when wind is west rooms on that side cannot be kept warm in cold weather. On Feb. 2, 3, 4, and 5 the pupils in those rooms were sent home on account of the cold</p>	<p>Statement of janitor and of the principal</p> <p>Experience</p> <p>Record of attendance</p>

The ventilation is poor, for	<p>There are no fans or air-shafts</p> <p>The only ventilation is by the furnaces and opening the windows</p> <p>Opening the windows is impossible in winter on account of the cold, and in summer because of the noise</p> <p>Pupils' health has been affected by the bad air. In these rooms the number of cases of illness has been double the normal amount in similar grades in newer and better ventilated schools.</p> <p>Not enough cubic feet of air to the number of pupils. Room 24x48x9 feet contains 10,368 cu. ft. It is occupied by 72 pupils, an average of 144 cu. ft. each. Each pupil should have 3,000 cu. ft. an hour. In this room the air is rarely changed.</p>	<p>Building plans and inspection</p> <p>Statement of janitor</p> <p>Teachers' statement</p> <p>Statement of school physician to Board of Education</p> <p>Measured</p> <p>Counted</p> <p>Encyclopedia</p>
The lighting is faulty, for	<p>Lighting should come from above and from the pupil's left side—not from more than one side.</p> <p>In study hall the windows are on three sides. In eight out of fourteen rooms the light comes from two sides. In five of the rest it comes from the wrong side. In the other room the light comes from the front</p>	<p>Directions on chart posted in room</p> <p>Inspection and the report of the school physician to the Board of Education</p>
The building is a menace to the health and safety of the pupils, for	<p>Sanitary provisions are inadequate and faulty</p> <p>Heating is faulty</p> <p>Lighting is faulty</p> <p>Ventilation is faulty</p> <p>No drinking fountains. Tin pails still used—one cup</p> <p>No fire escapes. Dangerous wooden stairways. Improper exits</p>	<p>Report of same</p> <p>As above</p> <p>As above</p> <p>As above</p> <p>Observation</p> <p>Report of fire inspector</p>

Thus one issue is briefed. Then should follow the second, and third, and so on until all are covered. Rebuttal matter may come at the end of the brief of each issue, and be arranged in the same way.

224. Summary. When all issues have been briefed, a summary may be added which will recapitulate briefly what has been proved. If in a debate there are two or more speakers, it is well for each speaker to summarize all that has been proved by his side, the first speaker summarizing his own arguments, the second the first speaker's and his own, and so on. This keeps the whole plan of proof before the audience.

225. Preparing the speech. The actual debate as it is to be delivered should never be written out and memorized. The ability to fix the plan of a speech in mind and to speak extemporaneously from it is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from debating. Written debate cancels this benefit. The issues should be memorized, the assertions to be proved should be memorized, the facts to substantiate each assertion should be memorized, the authority for each fact should be memorized—so that the debater can readily think through what he is to say; but memory work should stop there.

Nevertheless, the delivery of the speech should be practiced sufficiently to enable the debater to think on his feet and go through his argument readily and without hesitation. However, his attention should be on his thought and how to ex-

press it to his audience, rather than on his words. Anything that savors of glibness and over-preparedness in a debate detracts from its effectiveness. Debating is a thinking, a reasoning process—not an exhibition of memorized forensics with oratorical or rhetorical elaborations.

Moreover, notes should not be used in debate if the best results are to be obtained. The speaker's attention cannot be divided between his audience and his notes if he expects to hold the attention of his audience. There is no serious objection to the use in rebuttal of brief reminders of points made during the debate, but the reading of cards or evidence of any sort is not debating, either in advance speeches or in rebuttal. It may be useful in some English classes, but *it is not debating*.

226. Rebuttal. Each debater should pay particular attention to the opponent in the position similar to his own, for to a certain extent the two are paired. Then, for example, the second affirmative speaker should attend strictly to the second negative and should be responsible for the rebuttal of the arguments of the second negative. Of course, he need not be limited rigidly to these, but they should receive his first attention.

Rebuttal should try to overthrow important items and not waste time on little things. Careful analysis will show that an opponent's arguments rest largely on a few fundamental inferences or items of proof. Try to show the inaccuracy or incompetence of these.

ON THE FLOOR

227. Order of speakers. Debates are usually presented by four (or six) speakers, two (or three) speakers on each side, each speaking twice, once in advance argument and once in rebuttal. The order in advance speeches is

First affirmative

First negative

Second affirmative

Second negative

In rebuttal the order of sides may be reversed, thus:

First negative

First affirmative

Second negative

Second affirmative

so that the affirmative may have the last rebuttal speech. This in part offsets the time necessarily taken by the first affirmative speaker in presenting the introductory matter.

228. Time. In a forty-five minute period, four speakers may be allowed five minutes each for advance speeches and three for rebuttal. This will leave a few minutes at the close of the debate for comment by the teacher and critics in the audience, if any have been named. Longer periods make possible longer speeches, or more debaters.

229. First affirmative. The first affirmative speaker must make plain what the proposition means, furnish any necessary explanation as to

why it is to be debated, outline the plan of attack, and attempt to win the sympathy of the audience to his side. Sometimes where a proposition requires considerable introduction the first speaker finds little time for constructive argument. He must be careful, however, not to spend time on useless introduction. Preliminary matter that does not help to make the subject of discussion clear, or outline the plan of debate, or win the approval of the audience should be omitted, no matter how interesting it may be.

230. First negative. The first negative speaker sometimes finds it necessary to discuss the introduction of the affirmative, especially if he thinks that introduction is inaccurate or biased. Ordinarily, however, he can proceed at once to a discussion of the first issue of the debate.

The first two speakers should between them make the audience understand exactly what is to be discussed, and how it is to be discussed.

231. Other speakers. The second speaker on each side should proceed with the constructive argument where the first speaker left it. It is not a bad practice for each to summarize briefly what the colleague preceding him has attempted to prove. If there are but two speakers on a side, the second speaker should summarize at the close of his debate all that his side has proved. If there are three debaters on a side this may be left to the last speaker.

232. Formalities. Strict parliamentary practice should be followed. Each debater should ad-

dress the chairman, "Mr. Chairman" or "Madam Chairman," and the audience, "Gentlemen" or "Ladies and Gentlemen" when he begins. Names of opponents or of colleagues should not be used, nor should personal pronouns take the place of names in referring to other debaters. Instead say, "The first negative speaker" or "My opponent" or "The speaker who preceded me," "The gentlemen of the negative," etc.

233. The gavel. For the convenience of the debaters, particularly of rebuttal speakers, it is helpful for the presiding officer (the teacher or the chairman) to sound a warning one or two minutes before the close of each speech. Of course, a final single stroke of the gavel is the signal that the time is up, and when it is given the speaker should stop promptly. No speaker should be permitted to encroach upon the time of another.

AFTER THE DEBATE

234. Criticism. Criticism should be directed to these things:

1. Material.
2. Organization of material.
3. Manner of presentation.

The practice of having class criticism is useful in compelling attention to the debate, and a class usually points out most of the good and bad features of a debate. Those that are neglected can be added by the teacher. Comment should be both commendatory and adverse.

235. Don'ts for debaters. 1. Don't shuffle when you go before your audience.

2. Don't forget to address the chairman and the audience.

3. Don't look at the floor, nor out the window, nor over the heads of your audience. Look into their eyes.

4. Don't forget that while you have studied the question and know much more about it than you can tell in your time, the audience knows little or nothing about it. Be perfectly clear.

5. Don't just talk to anyone. Talk to your audience earnestly.

6. Don't lean against anything. Stand straight.

7. Don't put your hands into your pockets, nor behind you, nor try to hide them anywhere. Use them.

8. Don't fail to show your own interest in what you are saying. You cannot expect your audience to be interested if you yourself do not appear interested. Voice, body, hands, arms, face—all of you should show interest if you feel it—and you cannot debate well unless you do.

9. Don't try to make your audience think that your side is the only side in the debate. No debate is possible unless the proposition debated has two strong sides. Try to convey the impression that you realize the strength of your opponents, but show your own strength to be even greater. It is more to your credit to whip a big, hulking fellow than a little, weak one.

10. Don't indulge in personalities.

11. Don't introduce constructive argument into rebuttal speeches.

12. Don't rebut arguments that your opponents have not advanced.

13. Don't include in your summary anything that you have not brought out in your advance speech.

14. Don't forget that final impressions are lasting in debate. Put your best arguments last and hammer them home. Make your summary as clear and effective as possible.

CHAPTER IX

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE

236.

THE DERELICT

Drifting about in the lower East Side in New York, is a human derelict known to the children of the streets as "Andy." They know him only as an old sailor who is down and out—so down that he scrubs the hallways of a foul tenement for one dollar a week and board that many a dog would not touch. His "bedroom" is so disreputable that he often sleeps by preference in the Park or in a hallway.

But "Andy" is neither a bum nor a beggar. He stands erect upon his feet, in spite of his seventy-three years, and looks every man squarely in the eye when he talks, and there is no whine in his voice. And if any citizen of the East Side is looking for a fight, an insult to "Andy" will quickly bring it.

For "Andy" is not only a sailor—he is a veteran of the American navy. He knew Admiral Dewey when he was Commodore Dewey; and "Andy" was quartermaster on the *Olympia* and had charge of the steering of the battleship when it crept into Manila Bay. He left the *Olympia* only when the ship went out of commission, after Admiral Dewey's triumphal return—and soon thereafter the old quartermaster was put out of commission.

The circumstances do not matter greatly. He got drunk and into trouble with an officer; and with a dis-

honorable discharge he had to leave the navy in which he had served with credit for nearly thirty years.

It is "Andy's" misfortune that he became a hero too late; he is not a veteran of the Civil War. Had he served for only a few weeks in some Union regiment that never got to the front; had he been even a bounty-jumper or a deserter, he would have a chance by special pension-act to receive a regular pension from a grateful country.

But "Andy" is only one of the heroes of Dewey's fight in Manila Bay, and he has a "bob-tailed" discharge because he hit a superior officer.

237.

HOUSES OF MOLOCH

No buildings are more prosaic than the New York city lofts. Among shops, hotels, and office towers, they loom up square-cornered, grilled with windows, commercial and ugly. Nearly every story houses a factory. The building, before you fill it with paper boxes, celluloid, and such things, is absolutely fireproof.

Early in April, 1911, sightseers left Washington Square with its rows of historic houses and its great white arch from which the Avenue 'busses take their stately way uptown, to walk a short block eastward. There, hidden behind a more pretentious building, rose a ten-story loft. The glass had been smashed out of its ninth and tenth story windows, and their frames were blackened. A sign at the corner of the building looked charred. Below, planks covered holes in the thick vault-lights of the sidewalk. That was all. A perfectly good loft, slightly damaged by fire, which the owner, if he could, would certainly have sold cheap. Not an inspiring goal for sightseers.

But a few days earlier, in the twilight hour of a Saturday afternoon—the kindly hour when working folk go home to their day of rest—the two uppermost stories of that loft in Washington Place had turned into a red furnace choked with struggling humanity. Little trace of those ravening fires remained on the exterior to gratify a sightseer's curiosity. Even during the moments of the tragedy, no stupendous spectacle was visible outside. Only smoke, and a glow behind the windowpanes; a few frantic figures crawling out on the stone ledges. . . .

Next day scientists were quoted. The scientists said that an object weighing, say, 120 pounds, if dropped ten tall stories, would land with some three tons' impact. This explained why sightseers found planks over holes in the sidewalk, also why sightseers found a New York loft worth seeing.

Words are so cold, compared with living facts! We skim our newspapers over and throw them away, and the things they print are speedily lost to mind. After the Triangle fire, the newspapers told vividly of the "long rows of coffined dead" in the temporary morgue. That day the city shuddered. A futile trial for manslaughter followed. Then New York went about its business again. Within a year the horror was forgotten.

But the few who on the Sunday morning after had to walk through the sullen East Side avenues, empty except for an endless, sobbing, shuffling line on its way to view the dead, and out upon the covered pier, among charred and broken things which had been young girls overnight, before Hell rose up in the lofts—they, at least, will not forget. Perhaps some day one of them will see to it that New York's building laws and building inspectors are wrenched out of the clutch of Tammany Hall, and made the things they should be.

Even that will not undo the work of twenty minutes in the house of Moloch, and give back to a hundred and forty East Side girls their pitiful chance in life.

233.

A GALILEAN VAGABOND

In France religion does not count for much. It is hardly worth referring to, except incidentally, by way of illustrative allusion, as when in a public address the other day a member of the French Cabinet happened to refer to Jesus as "that Galilean vagabond."

To the mind of this French statesman, to be a respectable man Jesus should have remained shut up to a carpenter's trade in Nazareth. He should have contented himself to hew boards, dowel benches and tables, put roofs on houses, and thus be a decent and respectable member of society, adding to its physical comfort and wealth. Instead of that he threw away the chance of a profitable life, gave up his home and trade, and became a wanderer, a vagabond, a leader of a company of strolling tramps, dependent on charity, less securely housed than the foxes and birds of the air. His was not a life of good repute. He lived a vagabond in Galilee.

The boards have rotted to dust, the benches are burned, the tables are perished, houses and roofs are sunk into decay, the little wealth which His brothers made in Joseph's shop with hammer and saw has vanished; yet somehow the Galilean vagabondage is the world's dearest story, its richest memory. He trudged from town to town with his retinue of enthusiasts, and talked about nothing more substantial than God and Heaven and common goodness. He took no fee, got no riches, fed on the bread and water of charity, and talked, talked, talked of the Father in heaven. He consorted with

common people and said impudent things about rich men—and they killed Him and that was the end of Him.

The end of Him! What mean the Cathedrals of France? What the civilization we call Christian? What is Christendom but the current voice of all that is great and good—rich and powerful—humble and simple and poor—resounding to crown a vagabond Lord and Master?

Neither material things, nor the carpenter's trade, nor the goldsmith's art, nor the bookman's craft, nor the statesman's devotion has made the world great. Worth and wealth are of the spirit and the vagrant sandaled steps that traversed the byways of Galilee trod out a golden track through the golden grain, and along a dolorous road, past a cross-crowned mountain, until the byway became a highway and spread wide over the countries and broad over the lands. And why? Because value is of the spirit,—not of metal, nor marble, nor gems. The vagrancies and utterances of Galilee are precious above price because they give a glory and a worth to the civilization whose epithet is that of the Galilean Vagabond.

239.

THE BURDENS OF WAR

Not many years ago I was in a little village nestling among the hills of New England. On this day the Grand Army of the Republic had paid fitting tribute to their honored dead. The beautiful memorial service had been rendered and all had gone, when I found myself in the little churchyard. I stopped by a plain stone. "Father and son killed in the service of their country," was the inscription, and upon the mounds rested wreaths placed by the hands of those that revered the memories of men who had perished in the performance of duty.

And close to this stone was another recording the time when another soul had passed away, the wife of the father, the mother of the son. But upon this stone was no inscription; upon this mound, no flowers of remembrance.

And I wondered as I stood there who bear the burdens of war. Through the mist of years I could see the happenings in that hamlet at that dread time. I could hear as they heard the thunderbolts of Sumter, sounding and resounding through the hills of Vermont. No need to interpret the shock. It was death for the individual, or death for the nation. And how splendid the response! I could see the grim, earnest face of that father, the eager eyes of that son, when word came that their country called. And I could see that dry-eyed, bravely smiling mother, holding a child upon her shoulder, that this might be the last image on their minds and in their hearts as they went away to war and whatever else betide.

The imagination can follow them without a blush. They were brave men. Into the clash and crash they went, possessing courage without limit, hearts without dismay; eager to fight, willing to die for the cause they considered just.

And turning to the other page, I could see the mother, her simple duties done, sitting by the window, looking down the village street, and waiting, waiting, waiting for the tidings of what God had willed. In Virginia was excitement, comradeship, possibly glory; but there by that little window was only helpless, patient, anguished waiting in the name of God, for the love of country, and for the freedom of the slaves. One could almost see the eyes of her who sat there begin to fade, almost hear her steps begin to falter, while through the unending days

and months and years she drew to her bosom the prattling child and taught it to plead with the God of Battles to save and not destroy.

And then came the fateful message—"Father and son gone forever. Memory only left." Look now to the window from down the village street, and fathom if you can the depth of one woman's soul.

Yes—who bear the burdens of war? Custom answers. Go, stand in the churchyard and read the inscriptions. "In the service of their God!" Yes. "In the service of their country!" Yes. "For freedom's sake!" Nobly true. Not a word would we erase. But what of her? What of the wife and mother? Inscription? No. She fought in no battles. She bore no arms. No word had she to say, no act to do respecting need or cause. Hers not to reason why; hers but to give—to give all, husband, son, the love of her heart, the light of her eyes—all, all that was on earth to make her wish to live. Hers not to reason why; hers but to give—and die.

Who—who bear the burdens of war?

240.

NEILL AT CAWNPORE

Colonel James Neill, the most religious of men, was not a theologian; but he grasped the one ethical truth that a thing is not good because it is commanded by God, but it is commanded by God because it is good.

During the hot afternoon of July 14, 1857, the distant boom of Neill's guns reached anxious ears in the streets of Cawnpore. Nana Sahib heard them and realized that without effective and immediate action he and his twenty men were lost. He hastily summoned his advisors, and Tika rose to make the most dastardly suggestion ever heard in a council of war. "These foreign devils," said

he, "are fighting for the lives of their wives and children imprisoned yonder in the House of the Woman. They will not go on fighting like this for the mere satisfaction of"—he paused a moment—"of burying them."

Before judging Neill and his little band of avengers, let us see how this fiendish counsel was executed. On July 15, a boy and five men were brought out and shot in the presence of Nana Sahib, as he sat outside the commissariat warehouse. He then turned and sent orders to the guard to butcher the two hundred women and children, captives of his treachery. The guard refused to obey his order. Nana Sahib then summoned two Mohammedans and three Hindus, who armed themselves with short native swords, and in the low afternoon sun the infernal slaughter began, one of the butchers returning twice for a new sword.

Next morning the murderers returned, and one by one the bodies were dragged across the compound and thrown into the well. Some still lived, three or four children and a dozen women who had hidden under the corpses of their fellows. These were quickly cut down or thrown still living into the well, which was filled to within six feet of the top.

On the next day Neill crushed, drove, beat his fiery way into Cawnpore—O the pity of it!—twenty-four hours too late. A body of Highlanders flung themselves tempestuously through the emptying lanes of the House of the Woman. They tore open the doors of the compound, and at the word of command stood at attention. Their sergeant entered the house, and as the well began to betray its hideous secret, the sergeant came back. He was white in the face, but he came steadily up to his men holding in his hand the patch of a woman's scalp hacked off by a sword. Over the courtyard reigned the stillness of death.

Removing his helmet, the Scotch sergeant moved down the line, giving to each a finger-full of hair, with all the reverence that such a sacrament demanded; and as he ministered to each he said quietly, "One life for each hair before the sun sets!"

It is a horrible story, but horrible crimes can only be punished in a horrible way. Neill, transfigured with the fiery wrath of God, knew no pity, no mercy; and something of his own austere religious nature filtered down through the rank and file. Every man who by act or acquiescence had participated in the butchery was swung from a gibbet, but not until he had cleaned with his tongue his allotted square inches of the blood-glued pavement.

Justice with a fearful hand! But the executioners believed that they were God's avengers.

241.

A SOLDIER OF FRANCE

It was all very well, the wonderful French army, all very well if one could be a marshal or a general or even a soldier of the line. But to be a drummer and to have for one's most important duty to drum the loungers out of a public garden! No, he would desert.

"But why?" said a grave voice beside him. "Why art thou thinking to desert? Art thou not a soldier of France?" The voice was very kind, the kindest that little Tapin had heard in three long months.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed bitterly. "What a thing it is to be a soldier of France!" And not even that, but a drummer who is called Little Tapin, because he is the smallest and weakest in the whole corps. Never to fight, but only to drive loafers out of the garden—that is what it is to be a soldier of France!

The other leaned forward and with one white-gloved hand touched Little Tapin kindly on the eyes.

Before them a great plain spread away to where in the dim distance peaks of a range of purple hills nicked and notched a sky of palest turquoise. A wide road dazzling white in the sunshine swept before them in a superb curve.

Suddenly a short, sharp bugle-note rang out, and instantly the air was full of the sound of hoofs, the ring of scabbards and stirrup irons. The wide white road before them was alive with flying cavalry. Squadron after squadron they thundered by, Mounted Chasseurs, Polish Light Horse, Old Guard Cavalry, Mamelukes, Red Lancers in gay uniforms of green and scarlet, like a whirlwind they swept past.

Slowly the dust-cloud thinned and lifted, and the whole plain lay revealed. Silent, expectant, the legions stood there in broad swells of light and color. Then without warning, as if the touch of a magician's wand had aroused the multitude to life, a myriad of sabres swept twinkling from their scabbards, and by tens of thousands the guns of the infantry snapped with a sharp click to "present arms." The bugles sounded all along the line, the tri-colors dipped until their golden fingers almost swept the ground. The troopers stood upright in their stirrups, heads thrown back, bronzed faces tense, eyes blazing. From the furthest slopes inward like thunder that growls after a hoarse cry ran down the massed battalions and broke into a stupendous roar,—

"Vive l'empereur!"

Little Tapin rubbed his eyes.

"I am ill," he murmured. "I have been faint. I seemed to see—"

“Thou hast seen,” said the voice of his companion softly,—“thou hast seen what it is to be a soldier of France!”

242.

THE LAW OF LIFE

The old man listened greedily. Though his sight had long since failed, his hearing was still acute, and the slightest sound penetrated to his glimmering intelligence. Camp must be broken. Life called them and the duties of life, not death. And he was very close to death now.

He bowed his head until the noise of the complaining snow had died away. Then his hand crept out to the small heap of wood beside him. It alone stood between him and the eternity that yawned in upon him. At last the measure of his life was a handful of faggots.

He did not complain. It was the way of life and it was just. It was the law of all flesh. Nature was not kindly to the flesh.

He placed his stick upon the fire, and resumed his meditations. It was the same with all things. The little tree-squirrel crawled away to die. When age settled upon the rabbit, it became slow and unable to escape its enemies.

For a long time he pondered upon the days of his youth, till the fire died down and the frost bit deeper. He replenished it with two sticks this time and gauged his grip on life by what remained.

For a while he listened to the silence. He strained his ears, his restless brain for a moment stilled. Not a stir,—nothing. He alone took breath in the midst of a great silence. Hark! What was that? A chill passed over his body. The familiar long-drawn howl broke the void, and it was close at hand. He saw the flashing forms of

gray, the lolling tongues, the slavered fangs. A cold muzzle thrust against his cheek, and his hand shot into the fire and dragged out a burning faggot.

Overcome by his fear of man, the brute retreated, raising a prolonged call to his brothers; and greedily they answered till a ring of crouching, jaw-slobbered forms was stretched round about.

The old man listened to the drawing in of this circle. He waved his fire-brand widely, and sniffs turned to snarls, but the panting brutes refused to scatter. He dropped his blazing stick into the snow. It sizzled and went out. The circle grunted uneasily, but held its own, and he dropped his head wearily upon his knees. What did it matter after all? Was it not the law of life?

243.

ANOTHER DAY

The sun, a lusty giant, gripped the edge of the eastern hills, and slowly dragged himself over their crests. Along an avenue of gaunt trees he passed to the outskirts of the village where, in the pen, behind high walls, the animals were kept. The keeper at the gate saw him coming and with a yawn pulled himself from his easy chair by the fire.

“Four o’clock and al-l-l’s wel-l-l!” greeted his ears as he crept along the first row of cages. Inquisitively the sun peeped between the bars of this row of pens. They were singularly alike in size and shape and fittings—little boxes with grated doors; within, a bunk, a bench, and two buckets. As they lay there inert, the animals also looked singularly alike. Only when the sun touched them and they rolled on their backs, could he see the difference. Though each face was coarse and set, each bore a different brand. One was “Thug,” another “Gambler,” another “Thief.”

“Five o’clock and al-l-l’s wel-l-l!” a voice called.

“Thank God! Another day’s gone!” murmured an animal branded “Forger.” Slipping his hand beneath the mattress, he drew out a pencil and a small book in which he wrote, whispering the figures, “The 3120th day. That leaves me ninety to go.”

It was only the 3119th day, to be exact, but this animal counted each new day dead at its birth.

Meantime the sun had been slowly climbing the farther wall stone by stone and had pulled himself over the coping. For a moment he sat there,—then, leaping the road, reached his arm over the sill of an open casement window of a cottage. On a bed, across the room, a woman was lying, her graying hair massed on the pillow behind. With the tips of his slender fingers the sun touched her brow.

“Is that you, my boy?” she murmured. Then, half opening her eyes, she brushed aside a lock of hair and laughed softly to herself. Her eyes opened wide now. They traveled around the room. She sighed. Then she arose.

As she reached out a white arm to shut the casement, she fluttered her hand prisonward, stood for a moment gazing at the grim, gray walls,—then, almost reluctantly closed the window.

“Thank God! Another day’s gone!” she said, searing heavily a calendar beside the window. “The 3120th day. That leaves me ninety to wait.”

She also counted the new day dead at its birth.

244.

TWO PICTURES

In one of the ancient cities of southern Italy is a convent, a poor, plain, unattractive convent. Yet this

little sanctuary is famed the world over, for on the wall of the convent church hangs a picture—a picture of our Lord's Last Supper, painted by Leonardo da Vinci. At first glance, you might think this no remarkable picture; yet it differs from other paintings of this scene in this respect—that each figure was painted from a human model.

The models of Peter, James, and John were easy to find, but the artist searched all Italy in vain to find a face that would serve as a model for the face of Jesus. He searched through the slums, but here he found only poverty and misery. He searched through the courts, but there he found only selfishness and gayety. No where could he find that tenderness and loving kindness so natural to our Lord.

But one day he entered an old cathedral, and listened to the choir as it sang. There was one voice, clear and beautiful above them all, that attracted him, allured him, enchanted him. Quickly he decided that the face that went with that voice would be the best model from which to paint the face of Christ. After the service, da Vinci eagerly sought out the young man and engaged him to pose for the picture. When it was finished, Petro Bardenello, with a few gold coins in his pocket, set out for Rome to finish his voice culture.

The artist worked unceasingly on his painting for years until he came to the face of Judas, the betrayer, and then again he searched long through the cities of Italy. At last, in one of the filthiest holes in Rome, amid dreary moonlight and lantern flashes, he found his model, a miserable and wretched wreck of humanity. He hailed the man and hired him to sit for the picture for a few pennies—the price of a Judas face. When the work was over, the artist counted out a few coins, placed them

in the drink-trembling hand of the wretch, and bade him begone.

But in an instant, he heard the click of the latch and the man again entered. He hesitated, faltered a moment, and said, "da Vinci, you have painted my picture twice upon that canvas." Till then not even the eye of the master painter had detected in the sin-scarred visage of the wretch the face of that tender young man whose picture he had painted ten years before. It was true, there stood Petro Bardenello.

245.

DEATHLESS ENDEAVOR

The organ told a story one night of a man who found happiness, but the organ said that he did not seek it. It is rather a curious story, and it is true.

He was a minister, this man, in a small English parish near the sea. You can find his name in the hymn-book. He was not very clever, but he thought he had a vision. At all events, he had a friend, one whom he loved in the beauty of holiness and with the fidelity of a Jonathan. After a while the friend died, but Jonathan did not forget. It meant a good deal to a poor rector, who was not clever, to clothe and feed a little one, but he cared tenderly for the orphan David had left.

One day when the work of the parish seemed unbearable, he saw a doctor, who advised Italy and—the doctor blushed—and better food. Jonathan shook his head. Curates and other laborers were rather poorly paid in those days, and then, there was the child, David's child.

A few months later he had to see the doctor again; this time the doctor came to see him. It was Saturday, and Jonathan was working on his sermon. The doctor

said it would be his last, and Jonathan, being very tired, nodded silently. He smiled a little too, for he had provided for the child.

On the next day he held a communion service. People remembered that service long afterwards, and the evening sermon most of all. It was not a clever sermon, but it had for its text, "Love never faileth!" He was thinking of David, and his vision shone through his timid words. The choir sang the "*Nunc dimittis*," and he went home in the sad gray of an English twilight. He sat in his study for a long time, thinking of David and David's welcome. There was paper beside him, and while the night came, he wrote from his tired, trusting heart, words you have heard your mother sing:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.

When he finished it was dark outside, but he was beholding the radiance of the unseen.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

A few days later heaven's morning broke, and those who stood by saw Jonathan smile, and heard him say, "Joy! Peace!"

246.

AN ACCIDENT

We were just over the brow of one of the worst hills in England when the trouble began. I had been on high-speed and wanted to get in neutral; but she stuck between gears, and I had to get back on high again. By this time she was going at a great rate, so I clapped on

both brakes. One after the other gave way. I didn't mind so much when I felt the foot-brake snap, but when I put all my weight on my side-brake and the lever elanged to its full limit without a catch, it brought out a cold sweat. By this time we were fairly tearing down the slope. The lights were brilliant, and I brought her around the first curve all right. Then we did the second one; though it was a close shave for the ditch. There was a mile of straight, then a third curve beneath it, and after that the gate of my park.

We got round the third corner with one wheel three feet in the air. We shot out of the lane. I saw the open gate on my left. I whirled my wheel with all the strength of my wrists. Perkins and I threw our bodies across, and then, the next instant, going at fifty miles an hour my right front wheel struck full on the right pillar of my own gate. I heard the crash. I was conscious of flying through the air, and then—

When I became aware of my own existence once more, I was among some brushwood in the shadow of the oaks upon the lodge side of the drive. A man was standing beside me. It was Stanley, a man whom I had known at college some years before.

“What a smash!” I cried; “Good Lord, what an awful smash!”

He nodded his head and smiled faintly. I was quite unable to move, but my senses were exceedingly alert. I saw the little group of people and heard their hushed voices. There were the lodgekeeper and his wife and one or two more. They were taking no notice of me, but were very busy around the ear. Then suddenly I heard a cry of pain.

“The weight is on him; lift it easy,” cried a voice.

“It's only my leg,” said another—one which I

recognized as my chauffeur's. "Where's master?" he cried.

"Here I am," I answered, but they did not seem to hear me. They were bending over something which lay in front of the car.

Stanley laid his hand upon my shoulder, and his touch was inexpressibly soothing. I felt light and happy in spite of all.

"No pain, of course?" said he.

"None," said I.

"There never is," said he.

And then suddenly a wave of amazement passed over me. 'Stanley! Stanley! Why, Stanley had surely died of enteric in the Boer War.'

"Stanley!" I cried—and the words seemed to choke me—"Stanley, *you're dead!*"

He looked at me with the same old, gentle, wistful smile.

"So are you!" he answered.

247.

A MAN'S HEART

Mr. Glenn, an energetic young preacher, had just arrived at Ontanogan, a northern Wisconsin town famous for its saw mills, lumber-jacks and saloons. His surroundings seemed strange to him, and on a little tour of inspection, he chanced to meet Dave Bruce. Bruce was a typical saloon-keeper of the town, full of Irish wit and tenderness. After learning Mr. Glenn's mission, he sympathetically said, "Say, I'm for this town right from the boots up. Ye can count on me helping your little white church, if the fellows over there want me." With that he sat a little nearer and said, "I never expected to be in the gin business. But I got crossways

with a lot of trouble at home and skipped the old country. And then I tried to hide myself in the woods and live the thing down. Say, come on in here; I want to show yuh somethin'."

They went into the saloon across a sloping floor to a point behind the bar and from a drawer Bruce took out a box of heirlooms. Digging down to the bottom he lifted out a small package, unwrapped it, and laid it on the bar. It was a copy of the New Testament. "That's the thing that sticks to me like a sand-bur. I never saw anythin' like it. I have been everywhere, done everything; I've lost my money and my friends, my character, but I've never lost that book. I haven't read a page in it for ten years, but I've got this old green rag around it that my mother wrapped it in the mornin' I cut the country, and the thing always smells like the heather on the hill. And sometimes when business is bum and I'm dead lonesome, I just get this old thing out and smell it; and if no one's around, I can't keep the fool tears back. It's an Irishman for tears and smiles, y' know," and he reverently replaced the book and closed the drawer.

The two sat and talked in the morning sun for a good while and Mr. Glenn learned much, but nothing more interesting than the things he saw in the deep places of Dave Bruce's heart.

248.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

It was on the third of March, 1776. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard throughout the streets of Boston Town. A sentinel paced up and down before the custom house. Later in the evening several

young men walked down King street. As they passed the sentinel and his post in front of the custom house, he halted them. "Who goes there!" he cried in the gruff peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

Now, the young men felt as if they had a right to walk on their own streets without being accountable to a British Redcoat. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues and gathered in a crowd 'round about the custom house.

As the tumult grew louder, it reached the ears of Captain Preston. He immediately ordered eight men to follow him. Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew his men up in a semi-circle with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the custom house. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their anger became almost uncontrollable.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

"Fire if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire."

They appeared ready to rush upon the levelled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal command, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said that the figure of a man was seen to

step into the balcony of the custom house and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene, and it rose heavily as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some sorely wounded struggled to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow, and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

249.

JOHN BROWN'S SPIRIT

Ideas are not temporal; they are eternal. They move onward through ages, shaping the destinies of worlds. Towering shafts and sculptured granite mark their course. The cross, the stake, and the gibbet are but mile-stones in their progress. Every great movement has been consecrated by the blood of symbolie martyrs.

Such was John Brown. When, in the year 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law, the struggle had begun. The free state men had found a leader and the border ruffians were soon to learn that freedom had both courage and power.

The news of Harper's Ferry flashed out upon the startled South as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Virginia hurries her troops to the scene of action. The little band is shot down. John Brown, wounded and bleeding, is captured. Trembling for her safety, Virginia rushes the old man to his doom. Dazed and weak from his scarcely healed wounds the old hero is carried into the courtroom. There, lying on his pallet, unable to speak

a word in his defense, he is tried, convicted, and sentenced. And this was not under the shadow of a despotic throne, but in the commonwealth of Virginia.

The scene changes. Upon the scaffold stands John Brown, calm and erect. He has opposed the state's enactments and must die, but he has obeyed a higher law, and his conscience is as clear as that of a child. His plans have failed, but he knows what his death means to the fettered millions, and he is content. Virginia gives the signal and the man, who at Harper's Ferry was a madman, a fanatic, a traitor, becomes a martyred saint.

Such is the story of John Brown's raid. To the mournful music of tolling bells his body was conveyed to its final resting place in the heart of the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips pronounced the funeral oration; Whittier sang his praises; Emerson and Thoreau exalted his motives.

Virginia had slain the man, but the spirit which animated him was beyond the reach of human power, and it still lived. It swept from ocean to ocean. It recruited armies. It blazed from the hot throats of the Union cannon. It stormed Vicksburg and hovered over the battlefield of Gettysburg. It swept up Lookout Mountain, over Missionary Ridge, and went with Sherman to the sea. And when it had fulfilled its mission, it took its flight heavenward, the lowering clouds of slavery and oppression parted, and forth in radiant glory burst the clear sun of emancipation.

250.

GRANT AND LEE

The occasion was a Confederate reunion. On the reviewing stand stood a son of the great captain of the federal forces, whose indomitable will and iron cour-

age had wrecked the fortunes of the Confederacy. The Stars and Stripes were there, and there were also the tattered remnants of the Stars and Bars, deemed old and holy relics of the cause that was lost.

The thin, gray column passed in line of march, each man saluting the central figure on the reviewing stand, who returned the salutes in a manner as hearty and as soldierly as that in which they were given. As the old soldiers circled back they broke ranks and crowded about the federal soldier, reaching out their grizzled hands, hardened and furrowed by time and toil.

Anyone who beheld the moist eyes of the visitor, his struggle to hide his emotion, and the streaming eyes of those veterans, could not doubt that the disembodied spirits of Grant and Lee were hovering over the touching scene. If at this time of infinite pathos and infinite honor, when souls were surging with emotion, which only the brave can feel, a man had come to blow upon one dead ember of passion, it would have been the harsh and discordant note in the music of perfect symphony.

The name of Grant needs no perpetuation in marble, for it belongs to the South as well as to the North, and will live in the minds of men and be recorded in the annals of all time.

As the waves below the lighthouse beat harmlessly upon the rocks, the name and fame of Lee, too, are secure; for he made history. A place in Statuary Hall might satisfy the demands of Justice, but it could add not one cubit to his greatness.

Duty was his guiding star, honor his shield, and justice his sword. He saw the sun of the Confederacy rise in a sky of glory, shine a while through dust and smoke of war, and in his great soul there was no exultation. He saw the sun go down, never to rise again, and his serenity was undisturbed.

His life is his own Statuary Hall, which will survive the assaults of time and grow resplendent in the foam of passion.

251. THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH

No soldier in the history of the world ever went into battle with more patriotic heart, more unselfish love of country, with higher aims and purposes, than did the soldier of the South. Hannibal never crossed the Alps with men of sterner worth. Napoleon's Old Guard never faced an enemy with calmer or greater daring.

After the war, the Southerner returned home and tendered his allegiance to the only government then existing. But it was more than a generation after the Civil War before the South had an opportunity to prove that it had accepted the legitimate results of war; before it could prove that its patriotism was no longer restricted, but universal; no longer sectional, but national. The opportunity came with the Spanish-American war. When the North sent her Dewey into Manila Bay, the South sent her Hobson into Santiago Harbor; when the North gave her Roosevelt, with his dauntless Rough Riders, the South gave her Fighting Joe Wheeler, with his brilliant Rebel record; when the North called forth her Admiral Sampson, the South called forth her Admiral Schley, the hero of Santiago.

Yes, the South has proved the universality of its patriotism, and like Lee, forgetting all the bitterness, the prejudices of the war, all but the sacred memories, has taken upon herself the duties and obligations of true American citizens, striving always to promote the nation's best welfare.

The spirit of the South is one that caused its people to rise from the dust of defeat to the heights of victory; a spirit that characterized the old South; a spirit that made possible the New South. Yes, a new South, but still a South where the world may learn lessons of truest loyalty and patriotism; where the valor of her soldiers in time of war or the chivalry of her citizens in time of peace, finds no higher examples in the world's history; a land whose music and poetry have thrilled the world; a land whose love of country and love of right are still its noblest characteristics; a land where hospitality still reigns and the traveller is ever welcome; a land where knighthood is still in flower and the charm of womanhood still holds sway; a land whose modern spirit of commercialism has not deadened the loftier feelings and sentiments of its people; a land whose sectionalism has grown into nationalism—a nationalism expressed most forcibly by Benjamin H. Hill when he said, "There was a South of slavery and secession; that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom; that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour."

252.

SAN MARTIN

They are steep, those Andes Mountains, and they are cold, and still. For centuries they defied mankind, and none but hardy adventurers scaled their heights. But a hundred years ago, those unconquered monsters beheld a strange sight. Blinded by snow, slipping, stumbling, groping, an army was making its way up the almost impenetrable paths. In vain the peaks expended their fury. The men laughed at the avalanches, and the cold, and the dangers. Enthused by the marvelous spirit of their leader, they climbed the very heights and descended the

other side, forgetting weariness, forgetting their toil-worn feet. They took with them the rage of the elements, swooped down on the unsuspecting Spaniards, and drove them like snow before the wind. Only one man in the world could have led an army thus, and his name was San Martin.

The Spanish power collapsed like an egg-shell before his onslaught, and on its ruins he founded a just government. He became Dictator of Peru and Chile, and to his palace people thronged for an audience. Far and wide he was hailed as the Liberator, with power absolute and unquestioned. The whole vast treasure of the Incas lay at his command. Here was an empire of half a continent and he its emperor.

Some years later, a ragged old man, bent with the weight of the years, hobbled down a dingy alley in Paris. The poor people whom he met all greeted him kindly. Someone whispered that this strange neighbor had once been rich, and had given all his money away. The scoffers said, "Nonsense; people, nowadays, don't give up anything for their country." But the whispers were true. This was San Martin. He had given up all he had of power and wealth, and left the country he loved, when he knew it no longer needed him. In poverty he lived, and in poverty he died. His countrymen have claimed his body at last, and now he lies in a tomb as grand as that of Napoleon, hailed throughout the lands, the Washington of South America.

253.

THE OREGON TRAIL

No chapter in the history of our country reads so like romance, no chapter is so appealing to young America, as that which relates the passing of our nation westward

over the Oregon trail. Our hearts quicken when we read of the way in which America was taken, of the keen zest of a Nation's youth, full of ambition and daring, full of contempt for obstacles, full of a vast and splendid hope. A master hand has painted the spirit of that day, the columns of our own people moving westward across the land, fierce-eyed, fearless, doubting nothing, fearing nothing. It was the genius of America, the spirit of a triumphant democracy.

These pioneers who followed Dr. Marcus Whitman over the Oregon trail, had but one purpose—to occupy Oregon before the British. With them went wives, children—home. That was the difference between them and the slower host, made up of men only, that pushed westward and southward over the Canadian plains. That was why they won.

Twenty miles a day, week in and week out, these pioneers toiled westward; up the Platte, over the Rockies, and through a country filled with Indians. They were a mixed crowd—sons of the best families in the South, sons of the North, Roundhead and Cavalier, Easterner and Westerner, Germans, Yankees, Scotch-Irish—all Americans. Many were the hardships they endured, and terrible the sufferings; they had to face winter storms in the mountains, the terrors of starvation and of attacks from Indians.

A civilization went with them. The moving camp-fire was their social center. Young folk made love; old folk made plans for their new homes. A church marched with them, as well as the law and courts. By the faint flicker of the firelight, parents taught their children to read and write. Sunday was regularly observed, and sometimes dances were held on the greensward.

Thus they marched westward and took Oregon by the

only law of right. There was no roll of drum, no flutter of flag, when they took possession of the soil. But the canvas covers of their wagons gave way to permanent roofs. Where the English had hoped to plant their flag, there blazed the hearth-fires of a hundred American homes.

254.**THE ACQUITTAL OF BURR**

It is a warm day in July, 1807. The old court-house at Richmond, Virginia, is crowded to its fullest capacity. The jury is out and spectators, counsel, and accused wait expectantly for the verdict.

Perhaps you may ask what causes all this excitement. Aaron Burr, former Vice-President of the United States, is on trial for more than his life—for his honor. He is accused of plotting treason against his country. Is it any wonder then that the court-room is filled?

But if you imagine yourself back in that court-room at Richmond, you would be strangely impressed with the talk and actions of the spectators. The people, strange to say, are in sympathy with the accused. They admire him for his coolness, for his tact, for his readiness to smooth over any difficulty between the opposing attorneys. Strange tales have come to their ears about the movements of this man on the western frontier. On the other hand, they have seen the writ of habeas corpus abused. They have heard that many witnesses were seized and hurried east, even without hearing or counsel. Later they have seen the prosecuting attorney refuse to produce letters bearing on the case, simply because Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, did not want his correspondence with Wilkinson revealed. Perhaps the president had a reason. Perhaps, also, the

court might then have seen how evidence was manufactured to implicate Burr. Perhaps Jefferson had a purpose in getting Burr out of the way.

As a result, the people, who should have nothing in common with Burr, who should hate him for a traitor, cheer and shout when the verdict of acquittal is announced. But why, you ask? They reason somewhat in this manner. If a man like Burr, high in power and rich in friends, has been treated in this fashion, what is to prevent you or me from being seized at any time, anywhere, hurried to a strange court, and tried for any crime on the calendar without the constitutional privileges of an American citizen. If that can happen, the people have lost their rights. And so, disregarding Burr's treason, and ever jealous of their rights, they see only in his acquittal a triumph of their liberties.

255.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

By the shore of the sea a boy stood alone. He watched in awe the ocean's power as it broke thunderously upon the rocks. He gazed with dreamer's eye over the foam-capped waves to the place where sky and ocean meet, and from out the mists that veiled the western horizon there came to him the call of the sea. He wondered in his boyish imaginings what other shores were lashed by those same waters; but the sea's mysteries, like inscrutable secrets of the Omnipotent, seemed buried in the bosom of the deep. Thus did the ever-changing sea propound to the boy Columbus the riddle he was to spend his life in answering.

How he wandered from court to court with the so-called visionary scheme, has been told to every child. How at last Queen Isabella furnished the ships and how

the Admiral set sail on his strange mission, every reader of the world's history must know. Upon his departure they called him a crazy mendicant; upon his return they hailed him as the discoverer of a new world! No longer penniless, he paid his debt of loyalty to his sovereigns by the gift of a continent.

For a time, the star of the Spanish Empire rose; but the man who had made her glory possible was, in his old age, stripped of his honors. Worn out by a life of hardship, wrapped in a veil of sorrow and disappointment, he died as he was born, in obscurity and want. And in the failure of Spain in the new world, I see the hand of the Nemesis of History, avenging the memory of one who died dishonored and disowned.

God chooses strange tools for the working out of the world's destinies. When He wanted a man to lead His people out of Egypt, He chose a murderer of doubtful birth, the young and reckless Moses. When He needed a man to cleanse the church, He discovered him in a German lad named Luther, singing on the street for his dinner. So, when the day had come for the discovery of a new world, He chose a man without birth or name, an Italian beggar, whom his neighbors called mad.

Moses on Mount Sinai; Savonarola, hurling his defiance at Pope and Prince alike—found all mankind arrayed against them—yet their ideas have swept the world!

Christopher Columbus lies buried in Madrid; but he belongs to no city and to no single nation. In Cordova they have erected a shaft to his memory. Over his birthplace at Genoa, they have built a column, and a stately mausoleum covers his remains. But human hands can build him no adequate monument. His own achievement is his fitting memorial. In the spires and towers of

American cities, stands the fulfillment of the Italian beggar's dream! In our snow-capped mountains and everlasting hills, we behold his monument!

256. THE MURDER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The day of April 14th, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole country, the moral atmosphere pleasant, too; the long storm, so dark, so fratricidal, so full of blood, and doubt, and gloom, over and ended at last by the utter breaking down of Secessionism.

The popular Washington paper, the little *Evening Star*, has spattered all over it in a hundred different places, "The President and his lady will be at the theater this evening." The President came and with his wife occupied one of the large stage boxes of the second tier.

The piece had progressed through a couple of acts, when in the midst of this comedy, or tragedy, or whatever it is to be called, came that scene not exactly to be described—the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

Through the general hum following the change of positions, came the muffled sound of a pistol shot which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard, and yet a moment's pause, and then through the starred and striped spaceway of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man, raises himself with his hands and feet, stands for a moment on the railing, leaps to the stage below, falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, and rises as if nothing had happened. So the figure, dressed in plain, black cloth, bareheaded, with glossy raven hair, and eyes like some mad animal's, and yet with a certain strange calmness, walks along not much back of the stage lights, turns fully towards the audience, holds aloft a

large knife, launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, "*Sic semper tyrannis*," crosses to the back of the stage, and disappears. A moment's hush, a scream, the cry of murder; Mrs. Lincoln, leaning far out over the President's box, pointing to the retreating figure with involuntary cry, "He has killed the President." And still a strange, incredulous suspense, and then the deluge. The people burst through chairs and railings and break them up; women faint, feeble persons fall and are trampled on; the broad stage fills to suffocation with this dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival; and in the midst of this pandemonium of infuriated soldiers, the audience, the stage with all its actors and actresses, its paint-pots, spangles, and gas-lights, the life-blood from those veins, the best and sweetest in the land, drips slowly down. Already death's ooze begins its little bubbles on the lips.

Dear to the muse, thrice dear to nationality, to the whole human race. Precious to this Union, precious to democracy, unspeakably and forever precious, the first great martyred chief.

257.

LINCOLN

Nearly all great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities or nothing but their peculiarities. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face—forcing all features to a common mould—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, no successors. He had the advantage of

living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom. He knew and mingled with men of every kind, and, after all, men are the best books.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge.

He was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together, and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm, but not obstinate. Obstinaey is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously, and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others.

He knew others because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He knew that slavery had de-

fenders but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. With him men were neither great nor small—they were right or wrong. Beyond accident, policy, compromise, and war, he saw the end.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle; most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is to the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it except on the side of mercy.

Wealth could not awe this divine, this loving, man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands not to strike, but in benediction.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest Civil War. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

258.

LINCOLN'S FAITH

Colonel Ingersoll once said that Lincoln's religion was the religion of Voltaire and Paine. No better refutation of this statement exists than some of Lincoln's own words, which he uttered three weeks before the battle of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg.

Mr. Munsell, from the time he was fifteen years old, had been a friend of Lincoln. He was one of those whom Lincoln called "my boys," and whom he greeted with a double handshake. Mr. Munsell, when in Washington

at the time of the crisis of the war, asked the President for five minutes' interview. He was accorded an hour. That night Mr. Lincoln was much worn and depressed. He was alone in the White House. Mrs. Lincoln and little Tad were in New York. The great man said he felt unusually lonely, but in a talk with his friend he grew more cheerful. At the close of the hour, Mr. Munsell said:

"Mr. Lincoln, in our dear Illinois we are anxious, very anxious, in regard to the issue of this terrible war. We have our hopes and our fears; sometimes the suspense is unbearable. You see the whole field as no other man sees it, and seeing it as you thus do, can you say we shall come safely through and live?"

With trembling lips and tears trickling down his cheeks, the President replied:

"I do not doubt—I never have doubted for a moment—that our country would come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me; I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied around their king as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust to the bravery of the Boys in Blue, God bless them! though God never gave a prince or conqueror such an arm as He has given to me. Nor yet do I rely on the loyalty and skill of our generals; though I believe we have the best generals in the world at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be the refuge and the asylum of the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it; I do not expect to live to see it, but God will bring us through safe."

When men are stricken, when women give birth to sons, when the country stands in the deadly hour of

peril, then—then it is faith—faith in the God of our fathers that tells us “God will bring us through safe.” This faith had Abraham Lincoln.

259. THE FAME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The life of Abraham Lincoln moved upon that high, consistent plane which the surroundings of his youth inspired. Poverty is a hard but oftentimes a loving nurse. If fortune denies the luxuries of wealth, she makes generous compensation in that greater love, which they alone can know who have faced privations together. The child may shiver in the fury of the blast which no maternal tenderness can shield him from, but he may feel a helpless tear drop upon his cheek, which will keep him warm till the snows of time have covered his hair. It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character. And character is best formed amid those surroundings where every waking hour is filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever sent, and only darkness stays the conflict.

You may measure the heights and sound the depths; you may gain the great rewards of power and renown; you may quiver under the electric current of applause—the time will come when these will fall from you like the rags that cover your body. The robes of power and the husks of pretense will alike be stripped away, and you must stand at the end as you stood at the beginning—revealed.

Under such a test Abraham Lincoln might stand erect, for no man loved the humbler, nobler traits more earnestly than he. What he pretended to be, he was; genuine and sincere, he did not need embellishment.

And as we move away from him, and years and events

pass between us, his form will be visible and distinct, for such characters are built upon courage and faith and that affection which is the seat of both, and not playthings, but the masters of time.

How long the names of men will last no human foresight can discover, but even against the havoc and confusion in which so many names go down, the fame of Lincoln will stand as immovable and as long as the Pyramids against the rustle of the Egyptian winds.

260.

PEOPLE OR PIGS

Once upon a time in the great United States there was a little mother who worked too hard—as is the custom of little mothers. One day, when dragging herself around, forcing her weary body to work, she felt a slight sharp pain in her chest; her head grew dizzy, and suddenly her mouth filled with blood. She consulted a doctor about her cough and he prescribed as a tonic some alcohol, water, and morphine. This gave her false strength for a while until she had another hemorrhage. Then a kind neighbor told her that she had consumption.

This foolish little woman had heard about the great government that cured sick animals; so she wrote to the State Capitol, “I want to live and raise my children to make them good citizens. Where can I go to get well?”

In due time she received a large envelope with the following information: “At present the only place where you can go is to a grave. The State will care for your children in an orphan asylum as soon as you die; but save your life—never! That is a cranky idea; a member on the floor of the sixty-fifth assembly said so. Besides, saving human lives isn’t our business.” So the little mother died of the preventable, curable disease;

the home was broken up, and the children were taken to the orphan asylum.

One morning, a big fat hog found he had a pain in his abdomen and squealed loudly to relieve his feelings. The farmer who owned him telegraphed to Secretary Wilson of the United States Agricultural Department (who has three thousand experts in animal and plant disease), and the reply was, "I'll send you a man right away." Sure enough, the man came with a government syringe and a bottle of government medicine in his hand-bag, and he went for the hog. It got well. It wasn't cranky for the Government to do this, and it was good business, for the hog could be turned into ham, bacon, and sausage.

Moral: Be a hog and be worth saving.

261. AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE

In this age of free thinking and freer speech, many evils in our social and religious codes are shown us. Most of this is done by muckrakers, who live by pouring acid into the sores of society. But a few of those exposing the hypocrisies and contradictions in our life and religion do so under compulsion of their great souls. Such a man was Ibsen, and such a message is brought home to us in his masterful work, "An Enemy of the People."

The story is of a poor doctor in the rural districts of Norway, who suddenly comes into a good income by being appointed head physician at some medicinal baths in a neighboring city. These have just been installed by the citizens, who hoped from them to become wealthy. But as the doctor experiments with the water, he finds,

to his dismay, that, by being led through a marsh, it is poisoned, and that to make it pure, extensive and expensive alterations are imperative. Believing the old proverb, "The people are always right," the doctor announces his discovery, and expects public gratitude. Instead, he is met with resistance on every hand. Because of the cost of the improvements, public men ask him to conceal his discovery, and when he refuses, and shows that the water would kill the patients, they threaten to discharge him. In the face of this he persists, still relying upon the people to stand for the right.

But even the people desert him; they mob him; "Enemy of the People"; and they fling stones at him and his house. The doctor is amazed. Suddenly his eyes are opened to the lie in that old proverb. He gathers round him his wife and children, outcasts and objects of derision, like himself, and tells them of his second and more wonderful discovery: "The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone."

So, in this play, this acted philosophy, are we shown how exalted is he whose ideals lift him above the petty thoughts and motives of the multitude; whose aim is Truth; whose soul is not cluttered by low affections. Such a man dares to think for himself; dares to speak his thoughts at the cost of misunderstanding; dares to live his life on a lofty plane, spurning everything for his love of Truth—Right—God.

262.

THE PREDATORY RICH

Man climbs slowly up to better things. In the earliest ages was but faintly heard the demand for human rights. It forced itself upon the dull ears of King John. Pleading and sobbing through the broken prayers that came

swelling northward from southern slave-pens, it melted the great heart of Lincoln; and when his proclamation went forth, the shackles fell, and civil equality was consummated. Soon, from out the shadows of the future, grew a grander hope, a more majestic ideal: that of social equality. To allow this is the challenge of the future to America and to the world.

Social inequality means a palace on the boulevard, begirt with trees and flowers and fountains; means carriages and cushioned pews, and books, and pictures, and travel—or alas! it means a shanty on the marsh or a box-like room in some tenement. It means grinding, toil and hunger, and death crouching in air; it means starved bodies and shriveled souls!

To the sons of the palace, life means art, music, the school, the college. To the children of the poor, it means the art of the pilferer, the music of the brothel, the school of the prison!

They tell us capital and labor are at peace. But what peace! Not the glorious gift which descends like a dove from Heaven, but a dark-winged raven, fresh from the confines of Hell. Peace reigns. The laborer may eat the crust of charity or starve, without a home, without a friend; while the millionaire pillows himself in a luxurious castle, levies tribute upon the food and the fires, the liberty and the lives of the people, and is sad only because God's free air cannot also be preëmpted and sold.

Do not tell me that labor must always kneel in supplication for the crumbs from Dives' table. That bended knee means not servility, but the crouch of despair, waiting to leap at the soft and scornful face above.

Some there are who foretell a state without a Dives or a Lazarus. We call them dreamers. Others see only

chaos; the disruption of society. They impeach the Deity. Still others toil and pray that some day, somehow, in this garden of the world, willing labor be not compelled to beg daily bread; that the children of the poor may be fed of body and soul. Jehovah hears that prayer. Some day America shall proudly boast "We have no predatory rich!" Strong in the might of right we shall mount this new step—

"Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God."

263.

ALIENS IN AMERICA

On their way to the opera one night last winter, two fashionably dressed young men were accidentally bespattered by an Italian street-sweeper. Very humbly the offender stammered his apologies, but to no effect, judging from the abuse the young men showered upon him, and from their final fling: "What else can you expect from a — Dago?" At the opera that night, the same men heard a work composed by an Italian, conducted by an Italian, sung by Italians, and accompanied by an orchestra consisting largely of Italians—all compatriots of that street-sweeper; and I thought first, of sunny Italy, the mother of modern art, and all she has achieved for humanity; and then, of the contemptuous fling at her people by one hastening to enjoy her music.

Then the question suggested itself: What if, instead of an Italian, the street-sweeper had been a Jew? In all probability, the vituperation would have been more violent in tone, and more vicious in intent, and the epithet, "dirty Jew," would have been conspicuous.

It is true, the Russian Jewish street-vendor is not a

sightly personage. His clothes are shabby, his beard is unkempt, his back bent, his gait shuffling. From all appearances, he deserves the epithet. But the street-sweeper is not the type of all Italians, nor is the street-vendor the type of all Jews. He is not even responsible for what he is. This Italian may be low in the social scale from choice; this Jew has been laid low by persecution.

There are those who claim that two reasons why there is little love for the Jew today, are: he is unlike his biblical ancestors; he has become debased in character and ideal. Of all the charges against the Jew, the one of materialism and lack of ideal is the most unjust. Who but an idealist could have conceived the theology and morality of the Hebrew Scriptures? Who but an idealist could have suffered for centuries for his faith's sake, and still cling to his God? Who but an idealist could have been lowered to the dregs of the earth, and yet keep his spirit on the heights; keep inviolate the purity of his home life; keep himself comparatively a stranger in the divorce courts, in the inebriate asylum, and upon the gallows?

Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, sought wealth; today, the curious gape at piles of stone, the remains of the empires that made gold the end of life. Greece made beauty the goal; her people are today the memory of a charming idyl. Rome craved power only to be devoured by the monster her brutality conjured forth. Israel sought truth, and right, and justice; Israel lives!

264.

THE COMMON MAN

The common man is not necessarily a mechanic always, nor a scavenger, nor a lawyer, nor a carpenter, nor a

preacher. He is everything and all things that are all about in life. He is the everyday man, the matter-of-course man; but in spite of that, he rules the world. He can stop its business any day. He can make a run on its banks that will compel any one of them to close its doors. He is the most tremendous human force beneath the sky.

He is not mediocre because he is common. To be mediocre is to be commonplace, and there is no law that common man must be commonplace. Gifts are not necessary for acts that are worth while; that is, gifts more than the ordinary ones of muscle, nerves, eyes, ears, and will.

There is no sense in thinking that one cannot escape being commonplace except by doing some great thing. There are not many great things to be done and there are too many people who think they are great, to give every one of them a part in life's great actions.

There was one great admiral in Japan's navy, but it was the multitude of common men, little brown men, obeying orders, that made Togo's victories possible. Each little man had his own little thing to do; and he did it; did his own common thing in a very uncommon manner, and so the battle of the Sea of Japan went into history.

There was a slave who climbed the spire of St. Michaels in Charleston and plucked down a brand that had already begun its work of destruction, and thereby saved the church and earned his freedom. That was a great thing. There was no other negro in Charleston, nor white man, great enough to do a thing like that. But every day every negro and every white man could have done some little helpful thing, and a year full of such helpful things one each day for the three hundred and

sixty-five days, would have lifted every one of them off the level of mediocrity.

And the joys of the common man are very real. He can enjoy a drink from the brook at the roadside, where an old tin cup or his hollowed hand is all that he has to drink from. Your millionaire would not do that, cannot do it. Your common man can pluck a tomato from the vine in the field where he toils and eat it, sun-kissed and luscious. Your aristocrat cannot do that. Your common man can cut a sapling, pull a cotton string from his pocket, tie it around a grasshopper, and land a handsome trout while your high-rubbered, flank-basketed, four-ounce rod fisherman from the city whips with a dozen sets of flies and never a rise. Hurrah for the common man! He is the world's strength, and with all reverence he will be the world's savior.

265.

PURITAN PRINCIPLES

The glory of the Puritan is not what he actually produced, so much as what he enabled others to do. Lord Bacon, as he takes his proud march down the centuries, may place one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steamboat, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." And the Puritan, wherever he finds a free altar, free lips, aye, a free family, may say, "These are mine, for I planted them on Plymouth Rock." No matter for the stain of bigotry which rests upon his memory, since he taught us these.

The error in judging the Puritan has been that we have not considered development when we criticized. Men look back upon the Carvers and the Bradfords of 1620, and seem to think, if they existed in 1910, they would be clad in the same garments, and walking about

in the same identical manner as they did in 1620.

It is a mistake. The Pilgrims of 1620 would in 1910, not be fighting witches, but combating boss rule in politics and the tyranny of capital. "Thee and thou," a stationary hat, bad grammar, and worse manners, with an ugly coat, are not George Fox in 1910; you will recognize him in anyone who rises from the lap of artificial life, flings away its softness and startles you with the sight of a man.

No, Puritan principles cannot be cramped within the narrow limits of the old Bay Colony and the seventeenth century. Plymouth Rock underlies all American history; it not only cropped out at Plymouth, it has cropped out a great many times in our history. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill when he said to the Yankee boys, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." Ingraham had it for ballast when he put his little sloop between two Austrian frigates and threatened to blow them out of the water if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States. Jefferson had it for a writing desk when he drafted the declaration of Independence. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said, "Death or free speech." The rock cropped out again and Garrison had it for an imposing stone, when he looked into the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and printed his sublime pledge, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

So has the Puritan been vindicated by his children. Always has America clung to the principle of individual right. Down through the weary ages of colonial history, even to our present day, the American pulse has beaten in unquailing, never-faltering allegiance to the Puritan principle of the sacredness of man.

266.

WAR A SYMBOL OF DUTY

The feelings which characterize the whole nation at this hour are not feelings which can be suitably expressed in terms of attempted oratory or eloquence. They are things too deep for ordinary speech. The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death, and yet there is mixed with that grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did, and a touch of envy of those who were permitted so quietly, so nobly, to do their duty.

Have you thought of it, men? Here is the roster of the navy, the list of the men, officers, and enlisted men and marines, and suddenly there swim nineteen stars out of the list—men who have suddenly gone into a firmament of memory, where we shall always see their names shine; not because they called upon us to admire them, but because they served us, without asking any questions and in the performance of a duty which is laid upon us as well as upon them.

Duty is not an uncommon thing, gentlemen. Men are performing it in the ordinary walks of life all around us, all the time, and they are making great sacrifices to perform it. What gives men like these peculiar distinction, is not merely that they did their duty, but that their duty had nothing to do with them or their own personal and peculiar interests. They did not give their lives for themselves. They gave their lives for us, because we called upon them as a nation to perform an unexpected duty. That is the way in which men grow distinguished and that is the only way, by serving somebody else than ourselves. And what greater thing could you serve than a nation such as this we love and are

proud of? Are you sorry for these lads? Are you sorry for the way they will be remembered? Does it not quicken your pulses to think of the list of them? I hope to God none of you may join the list, but if you do, you will join an immortal company.

Notice that these men were of our blood. I mean of our American blood, which is not drawn from any one country, which is not drawn from any one stock, which is not drawn from any one language of the modern world; but free men, everywhere, have sent their sons and brothers and their daughters to this country in order to make that great compounded nation which consists of all the sturdy elements and of all the best elements of the whole globe. I listened again to this list with a profound interest at the mixture of names, for the names bear the marks of the several national stocks from which these men came. But they are not Irishmen or Germans or Frenchmen or Hebrews any more. They were not when they went to Vera Cruz; they were Americans, every one of them, and with no difference in their Americanism because of the stock from which they came.

They were in a peculiar sense of our blood, and they proved it by showing that they were of our spirit—that no matter what their derivation, no matter where their people came from, they thought and wished and did the things that were American, and the flag under which they served was a flag in which all the blood of mankind is united to make a free nation.

267.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

Upon America hangs the fate of the Western world. Endowed, above all other nations, with intelligence,

energy, and force, unhampered by the splendid ruins of a past which, however great, does but encumber; the American people, it would seem, are called upon in a pre-eminent degree, to determine the form that the society of the future shall assume.

For a century past America has drawn to herself by an irresistible attraction, the boldest, the most masterful, the most practically intelligent men of Europe. And by the same law she has repelled the sensitive, the contemplative, and the devout. Over her unencumbered plains the Genius of Industry ranges unchallenged, naked, unashamed. In Europe it still has to fight for its supremacy; for there it is confronted with the debris of an earlier society, with ideals, habits, institutions, monument, traditions—alien to its achievements and incomprehensible to its aims, Cathedral churches, splendid palaces, manors, and parks, moss-grown cottages, perpetuate the tradition of ranks and orders, ancient, hereditary, and fixed. In Europe, in a word, the modern spirit has to contend with an ancient culture; in America it is free.

We stand at the parting of the ways. The question looms before us:—have the triumphs gained by our countrymen over matter and space—have their immense achievements in the development of the practical arts—have these been secured at the cost of finer feeling and force? Is that spirit which created religion, the arts, the speculation of the past—that spirit of unquenchable aspiration which has assumed, in its tireless quest for embodiment, forms so alluring, so terrible, so divine—which has luxuriated in the jungle of Hindoo myths,—blossomed in the Pantheon of the Greeks,—suffered on the cross,—perished at the stake,—wasted in the cloister and the cell,—which has given life to marble,—substance

to color,—structure to fugitive sound,—is that spirit to urge as of old the reluctant wheels of our destiny? Or are we to fill our bellies with the husks of comfort, security, and peace? Are we to be spirits or intelligent brutes, men or mere machines?

The foundations of our future have barely been made; nay, the very plans of the building have not yet been drawn. But the lesson, the spirit of the past, should be our only guides in its construction. Then, and then only, will the beaten path to its portals become so familiar to our feet that, even while we pace it, we turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

268.

LIFE THROUGH SOCIALISM

“A man may die for another man’s life-work, but if he live he must live for his own.”

So says Ibsen, so cries every city, so rings every factory, every mill in this country. Living under the ban of a commercial oligarchy, we see on every side men who are dying for the life-work of the few whom luck has placed above them.

Can’t you imagine way off yonder in Pittsburgh the fitful glare of the furnace as it catches the half-naked, starving bodies of the incessant toilers? Can’t you imagine off to the South the little children trudging to the day’s work at the mill? You ask, “Where are the older ones?” that you might give to them the burden. Ah! that’s the pity of it all, these consumptive children of toil never grow old. Can’t you see in New York the ten-by-ten room of a family,—a family toiling as they await death? Can’t you see all about the small business man crushed by a system of commercial monopoly held to be a necessity to the country?

Yes, railroad wreck, mine disaster, an appalling death rate in the South, daily thousands of children born consumptive in New York City,—point to the fact that today we can only live by dying for the life-work of others.

But there is hope. There has dawned in the sky in later years a new thought. Laughed at and scorned, crucified upon the bitter cross of public ridicule,—Socialism still struggles on, giving hope to those who now live only to die. Promises are all that it now brings, but, oh, what balm are these few words to the working-man of today. They foretell the end of clinging capital, the end of the unearned increment, the end of the insane accumulation of the country's force and life in the hands of the few.

Though we may laugh at this principle, though we may scorn it, yes, though we may hate it, yet we cannot but feel the pulse of the workingman when he cries, as he has cried, North, South, East, and West,—

“We have died for the life-work of others, but by the grace of Socialism, we will live for our own.”

269.

WE POOR DEAD

They have now covered up our hot breath with earth. Why are you blinking at me with your bleared eyes, my brother? Are you not glad? Don't they envy us our sweet death? They have laid us out in picturesque rows, and you need only turn your head to rub against human flesh, and if you turn your hollow eyeball, you can see nothing but corpses in the twilight. One beside the other, that is how they are sleeping. And corpse upon corpse ever more of them, through the whole of the loose soil of the potato field, and we even fill the whole adjoining field of roots.

Wonder whether the sun still goes on shining above us?—Whether they still know how to laugh in the towns as we used to in our time? Wonder whether my wife still goes on remembering her dead husband—and my two kiddies—whether they have already forgotten their father? They were so tiny at the time.

We poor dead heroes! So do not disturb our last sleep. We had to die to enable others to live. We died for our native land in its straits. We are victorious now, and have won land and fame, land enough for millions of our brothers. Our wives have land, our children, our mothers, our fathers have land. And now our poor native land has air to breathe. It need no longer be stifled. They have cleared the air of us. They have got rid of us, of us who were far too many. We are no longer eating the bread away from other folks' mouths. We are so full-fed, so full-fed and quiet. But they have got land! Fertile land! And ore! Iron mines! Gold! And bread!

Come, brother philosopher, let us turn our faces to the earth. Let us sleep upon our laurels, and let us dream of nothing but our country's future.

270.**GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS**

At a public dinner in New York a year ago the subject for discussion was "The Relation of Government to Business." One of the speakers opened his address with the following striking sentence: "The most remarkable thing about the relations of the government to business seems to me to be that it is necessary to discuss them at all."

This statement expresses better than pages of description the attitude of many exponents of Big Business

today. Business must not be impeded in its triumphal progress. No wrong may be righted, no injustice may be checked, because such action would "disturb business." Years ago such an attitude was even more common, but in these days many of our industrial kings have seen the handwriting on the wall, and have amended their speech if not their practices. A large remnant, however, has not yet comprehended the message.

Such industrial survivals of past ages do not realize that they are living in a new world. They do not see that they are loudly proclaiming the divine right of kings to an age which has, decisively and finally, repudiated that doctrine. The story of King Canute conveys no meaning to them. We are told that this monarch set up his throne on the seashore and commanded the waves to refrain from approaching him. The waves wet the royal feet, and if the throne had not been removed would have drenched and overwhelmed the royal person. This happened 900 years ago, and similar commands to respect royalty are no more powerful today. Our Captain of Industry must come to realize this fact.

A condition exists. The great organizations are here, and in some form or other are likely to remain. Shall we see that they keep within the laws as thus far interpreted, meanwhile collecting all the facts which will enable us to make a final decision, or shall we allow them to go their own way except as they are restrained by the fear of the Attorney General? Surely there can be but one answer.

271.

THE HILLS OF DEATH

Down there, if you have any blood, any brain,—if you have any heart, you can get to the depths of life. As

elsewhere the bottom of life is known by the curses of men as Hell, and by the hope of women the top of life is breathlessly known as God.

The sound of the shaft, the rumble of coal through the breakers, make their ceaseless gutturals, while life throbs on its own strange rhythm. The restlessness of men makes the city seethe in turmoil, and the agony of labor beneath the city streets sets earth a-groaning. Fathers, brothers, sons expire as they sweat for bread, and the timelessness of labor lives on. "Men must work, men must weep" all the earth over.

In the Hills of Death men must curse,—and men must work; women must weep—and women must work; children may moan—but must work.

To the breaker at twelve, fingers shredded by hot, edged slate; to the mines at fourteen—till the back is bent, and the lungs are stuffed, the man misshapen with burden. Then, back to the breaker, old men. In their second childhood they are among boys who have no childhood! Over the valley smoke and dust stretch out like streamers of death. Crepe! No death is white unless it comes to the cradle.

The very air is pregnant. The passing of a train has meaning in it—a glad departure—a father, mother, two little children going home; a father and two little children going home, the mother gone home. At night on the culm-pile in the blaze of light, a watchman! Smoke from the breakers all day. A miner's hand dirty with blood.

Children are bred in litters down there. Cripples beget children with the "waste of life" in their narrow, withered bones sticking through skins.

From the bank of the Susquehanna stand and absorb the loveliness of the Hills of Death. The view smiles—

may, grimaces. The river winds like a belt of silver among the hills. The sun shines and the lightning flashes. But above it all is the threatening—and you are bowed, humbled—you crouch, and, it may be, you crawl. Mothers from their thin breasts suckle their babes. Men grow fat on the sugar of greed. Birds sing, but children screech. A white flower blooms. It is soiled with soot. Men take disease from a chalice. But still the sun shines and the river runs and life throbs on and on—and out.

272. THE SCULPTURED FIGURES OF SOCIETY

Over the doorway of one of New York's sky-scraping office buildings four great sculptured figures are posed in crouching attitudes. With bowed heads, tense features, and muscles strained like whip-cords, they seem to carry on their broad shoulders the terrific weight of twenty or more stories of masonry. Theirs is really only a pose, the pretense of the strenuous. They are really supporting no weight; they were put in after the building was completed; they could be removed without affecting its safety in the slightest. They have no more real responsibility than a wandering fly, tarrying a moment on the flag-pole on the roof.

There are thousands of these sculptured figures in the world today—men whose pretense is measured in tons and whose performance is counted in ounces. It is the colossal effect to seem rather than to be, the heroic, never-ending attempt to appear important.

One type of the sculptured figure is the man who poses as an intellectual Atlas holding up the firmament of thought. All the great problems of life that have baffled the sages for years are as luminant to him as an electric-light sign on a dark street. He has read, per-

haps, partially through one volume of Spencer or Darwin and talks elaborately, with a heavy, orotund voice of finality, of evolution. Every weak spot in religion is known to him, and where he cannot find a leak he makes one. Though he has never accomplished anything in life, he feels absolutely sure that he could run this mighty government of ours and bring justice in on schedule time on every issue.

Men of real importance think too much of their work to think much of themselves. Their great interest, enthusiasm, and absorption in their world of effort eclipse all pettiness. They are living their life, not playing a part. They are burning incense at the shrine of a great purpose, not to their own vanity. They ever have poise—not pose.

273.

CHIVALRY

The mists of three hundred years reveal to us only the rugged outlines of chivalry. The poetry, the pathos, the passion which invested it; the thrilling incidents and stronger delights to which it gave birth, the charming witchery of its sports and pastimes are shrouded in mystery. The knights and courtiers of the middle ages seem little more than aimless dreamers in coats of mail, roaming the world over in quest of mad adventure.

But the heroes of the joust and tourney were not mere puppets in the world's drama. They fulfilled a mission rivaling in its beauty the wildest dreams of fancy. It took the name of honor; and mankind grew grave and courteous. It took the form of religion and fought for the Holy Sepulchre. It showed itself in gallantry, and helpless innocence found a sturdy, strong defense. It

took the name of letters, and behold the perfect bloom in English romance.

The shouts of the lists had long since died away in the trembling air, when the task was given to the Bard of Abbotsford, Walter Scott, to touch with magic wand the fast decaying germ of fiction, and to quicken it into perpetual life and beauty.

From over the blue Castilian hills he caught the echo of the numbers that chronicled the exploits of the Cid. From France and sunny Italy the music of the troubadours floated up to his mountain home, heralding the valourous achievements of the old Provençal knights, and ever from the dark forests of Germany the lays of the minstrels came ringing over the Scottish heather, telling of Charlemagne and his peerless paladins. Scott's great heart thrilled under this divine influence, and not until he had told how he of the Lion Heart met the Saracen upon the plains of Palestine; how Marmion fought the specter knights in the ruined abbey; how Ivanhoe, wounded, bleeding, fainting, crossed swords with Bois-Gilbert for Rebecca's sake; did the world know the legacy chivalry had left to the literature of romance.

274.

THE WANDERING JEW

Out of the darkness of the feudal ages comes the strange, weird tradition of the Wandering Jew. The legend tells us that Jesus, while on his way to Calvary, bending beneath the heavy cross, stopped to rest before the house of a Jewish shoemaker, who thereupon pushed him away, exclaiming, "Go on! Go on!"

Jesus looked at him and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go on to the end of time."

The shoemaker straightway became a wanderer, unable

to rest, unable to die. This haggard, wayworn pilgrim, forlornly roaming the earth, is the type of the Hebrew race, wandering, sorrowful, deathless; driven on from land to land, from age to age, by human hatred, human scorn.

Sometimes the darkness lifts a little, and reveals fleeting glimpses of the tragie scene. It is a winter night at Moseow. To the north of the city lies the Jewish suburb. The people are asleep. Around stretches the frozen forest. Out of the city steals a band of Cossacks. The little suburb is surrounded. With whip and saber the helpless people are driven from their burning homes. Gathering in the woods, the Jews kindle a few branches to keep from freezing; the soldiers follow them and stamp out the fire. In the cold light of the morning, among the white stones of a Christian cemetery, lie the frozen bodies of the dead. And this in the twilight of the nineteenth century!

Denied all means of development, the Jew became stunted, narrow, fierce, revengeful. Christianity grasped the scepter and meted out the savage law of destruction, until the whole world became a hell of torture to the despised Jew. Eighteen centuries of such grinding tyranny left the marks of their fetters on his soul. With the avenues of every occupation barred to him as with gates of brass, from a farmer and a shepherd he became a trader and a cunning money-lender, a product of a hundred generations of repression and wrong.

These were God's chosen people, for never did a nation lay the hand of violence upon them but divine vengeance overtook it. Egypt enslaved them and lies buried in the sands of the desert. The Roman church struck the children of Jacob, and her arm withered in the blow. Spain drove them from her shores, and within a hundred years,

in the boom of Drake's cannon, the clock of her history struck twelve, and she sits today a sheeted skeleton among the governments of Europe.

The tragic story of the Wandering Jew is drawing to its close. Breaking the fetters of prejudice and hate, man stands to his full stature and begins to learn the meaning of that commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Suffering and wrong still live and will long give battle in the darkened places of the world; but *God rules!* and truth and justice and the love of man for man shall triumph at the last.

275. THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR

If you could know the life of one of those poor lepers of Boston, you would wonder and weep. Let me take one of them at random out of the mass. He was born, unwelcome, amid wretchedness and want. His coming increased both. Miserably he struggles through his infancy, less tended than the lion's whelp. He becomes a boy. He is covered only with rags, and those squalid with long-accumulated filth. He wanders about your streets, too low even to seek employment, now snatching from a gutter half-rotten fruit which the owner flings away. He is ignorant; he has never entered a schoolhouse; to him even the alphabet is a mystery. He is young in years, yet old in misery. There is no hope in his face. He herds with others like himself, low, ragged, hungry, and idle. If misery loves company, he finds that satisfaction. Follow him to his home at night; he herds in a cellar; in the same sty with father, mother, brother, sisters, and perhaps yet other families of like degree. What served him for dress by day is his only bed by night.

Well, this boy steals some trifle, a biscuit, a bit of rope, or a knife from a shop window. He is seized and carried to jail. He sits there chained like a beast; a boy in irons! the sport and mockery of men vulgar as the common sewers. His trial comes. Of course he is convicted. So he is hurried off to jail at a tender age, and made legally the companion of felons. Who would employ such a youth; with such a reputation; with the smell of jail in his very breast? Not your shrewd men of business, they know the risk; not your respectable men, members of churches and all that, not they! Why, it would hurt a man's reputation for piety to do good in that way. He is forced back into crime again. I say forced. for honest men will not employ him when the state shoves him out of jail. Soon you will have him in court again, to be punished more severely. Then he goes to the State prison, and then again and again, till death mercifully ends his career!

276.

POVERTY

“There will be no poverty in the world a hundred years from now,” says Thomas Edison. “The world will be flooded with food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries. No half-starved children, no overworked mothers, no poverty-worried fathers, no disease-breeding, cheerless tenements.”

“Impossible,” you say.

“But why should we expect poverty to continue?” asks Edison. “Poverty was for a world that used only its hands.” Now that men have begun to use their brains, poverty is decreasing—decreasing though we have been using our brains only a little while. Think how long the

world has stood, and then recall that practically everything we know today that is worth while we have learned within a hundred years. And we have only just begun to use our brains. What we know is but an atom of what there is to know. But we are learning to control the forces of nature, and as we learn we shall transform the world. The most wonderful changes are coming—changes about which no one today can do more than dream.

Plenty of food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries! What good would it do the people of the world if a few men should own all these things? Edison has thought of that. He realizes the size of the problem. But he says it is a problem in the solving of which neither he nor his kind can help. Inventors can make the world rich—only the people can provide the governmental means for enjoying the riches they make. He believes the people are going to provide these means, and that there will come a day when the workingman will compel government to serve him, and when he will destroy any government that does not serve him.

Such is the world that Edison sees coming. What a flash-light picture of the future! Man at last coming into his own because he knows what is his own, and knows what is his own because his own brain has told him. Has told him that everything on earth, in the sky and beyond the sky is his. That the lightning can be blended to his will, the cataract harnessed to his need, and the dead iron in rocks fashioned into tongues that speak and hands that make. Hands that can spin a thread of silk or crush a ton of rock. Hands that can make in abundance whatever human beings need.

In such a world how could there be poverty?

277.

THE FAULT-FINDER

The fault-finders are not all dead. It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon Mr. Bernard Shaw. He stands gloriously alone, the one living man who finds fault with everything and everybody. He does not potter weakly over exceptions. He records at intervals his simple, sincere conviction, that the world holds upwards of two billion fools and one true seer. His impartiality does him credit. It used to hurt our feelings when he gave us to understand that he loathed and despised Americans more than he loathed and despised other nations; but we are slowly creeping back to self-esteem. If we are only part of a loathsome and despicable universe, we must put up with our share of shame.

It is hardly to be expected that lesser fault-finders should bear comparison with this great master of the art. We Americans fought for life in our day, but now that we play only the philanthropist, shrill protests are heard on every side. Pacificists warn us that we are encouraging war; economists warn us that we are sending to Europe the help which is needed at home; socialists warn us that every cent that we save is an injury to some workingman at our doors.

Other fault-finders anathematize their fellow-citizens who see fit to moderate their expenses. If a rich man gives a ball with his usual lavish expenditure, somebody calculates the number of Belgian babies he has starved by not applying the money to their needs. If he forgets to flaunt his wealth before a community, somebody else calculates the number of florists and caterers and wine-merchants he has robbed. If he thinks that he ought not to keep three footmen and two chauffeurs while wounded soldiers die for want of hospital supplies, a third some-

body wants to know if footmen's wives and chauffeurs' children are to pay the penalty for such capricious benevolence? We are told that knitting scarfs and sweaters is an overt offense against neutrality. We are solemnly warned that if we permit American lads to be imbued with a love for America, they will end by fighting for their country if she be imperiled—a possibility too painful for consideration.

278. A WEAKNESS IN OUR GOVERNMENT

We Americans very rarely stop to take a look at the whole proposition of popular government. We wrestle with functions instead of causes. As a nation we have never been more than merely superficial in our theories of political science. In fact, most Americans seem unaware that there is such a thing as political science. Any sensible lawyer is considered competent to draft a plan of government for a city. Honesty qualifies a business man to go to a state constitutional convention.

So, when a common council proves corrupt, our city charter is merely amended to transfer the control of contracts to a new board of public works. If the state surveyor is untrustworthy, we create a new official to build the new canal. In both cases reform is for the moment achieved, since corruption is a plant that often takes more than a moment in which to grow in a new environment. So we go on, doctoring symptoms, instead of looking for the disease.

In fact, in any exploration in the direction of fundamentals, we are stopped time and again by certain widespread political superstitions among our people—superstitions that usually have as their nucleus an ancient catch phrase. Propose that the mayor be allowed a seat

and vote in the council, and the proposal will be heard on its own merits until someone says, "That violates the principles of 'separation of powers.'" There you have legislative and executive functions united," and with the advent of the catch phrase, it is deemed the duty of the proposer to bow in awed silence, as if the argument were ended.

Propose to make the office of state engineer appointive on the ground that the plan of having him elected has worked badly, and the word "undemocratic" falls like a gavel to end the discussion. Plead that a referendum on a technical subject is little better than leaving the decision to chance, and the query, "Don't you trust the people?" is supposed to retire you in confusion. Robert Louis Stevenson was right when he said, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but principally by catch phrases."

Take, for example, the greatest of all catch phrases—namely, "the people," pronounced "pee-pul"! Or, worse yet, "the plain peepul," who I believe have certain supernatural virtues not possessed by others. It is *lese majesté* to allege that there are any limitations to the people in either morals or learning. How can one get a viewpoint from which only the fundamental features are in view—as long as people hold such ideas?

279.

THE DREAMERS

They are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of fact, but peer beyond the veil and mist of doubt. They are the Argonauts—the seekers of the priceless fleece. They dare uncharted seas, for they are the makers of charts; and with only cloth of courage at their masts, and with no compass save their dreams, they sail undaunted to the far, blind shore.

Makers of empire, they fought for bigger things than crowns, for higher seats than thrones. Fanfare, pageant, the right to rule, the will to love, are not the fires that wrought their resolution into steel. Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the old-world skies, and with their crosses kiss the sun. The belted wheel, the trail of steel, the churning serew—are but the shuttle of the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries. A flash of light in the darkness leaps league on league of snarling seas and cries to shore for help. Their tunnels bore the river-beds and join the islands to the mother-land. Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highway of the eagle to the paths of men. A God-hewn voice wells from a disc of glue and swells from out a throat of brass to live beyond the maker of the song—because a dreamer dreamed.

They are the chosen few, the blazers of the way, who never wear doubt's bandage on their eyes, who chill and starve and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth to him who will but try; and that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep a seeker from his chosen goal; and that if he be strong enough, and dream enough, and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men have failed before.

Walls crumble, empires pass away, the tidal wave sweeps in and tears away the fortress from its rock. The rotting nations drop from off time's bough,—and only things which dreamers make live on.

280. AN ALLEGORY OF THE CENTURIES

When the Nineteenth Century died, its Spirit descended into the vaulted chambers of the past, where the

Spirits of dead centuries sit on granite thrones together. When the newcomer entered, all turned toward him and the Spirit of the Eighteenth Century spoke: "Tell thy tale, brother. Give us word of the human kind we left to thee."

"I am the Spirit of the Wonderful Century. I gave men the mastery over nature. Discoveries and inventions, which lighted the black spaces of the past like lonely stars, have clustered in a milky way of radiance under my rule. One man now does by the touch of his hand what the toil of a thousand slaves never did. Knowledge has unlocked the mines of wealth, and the hoarded wealth of today creates the vaster wealth of tomorrow. Man has escaped the slavery of Necessity, and is free.

"I freed the thoughts of men. They face the facts and know. Their knowledge is common to all. The deeds of the East at eve are known to the West at morn. They send their whispers under the seas and across the clouds.

"I broke the chains of Bigotry and Despotism. I made men free and equal. Every man feels the worth of his manhood.

"I have touched the summit of History. I did for mankind what none of you did before. They are rich. They are wise. They are free."

The Spirits of the dead Centuries sat silent, with troubled eyes. At last the Spirit of the First Century spoke for them all.

"We all spoke proudly when we came here in the flush of our deeds; and thou more proudly than we all. But as we sit and think of what was before us and what has come after us, shame and guilt bear down our pride. Your words sound as if the redemption of man had come at last. Has it come?"

"You have made men rich. Tell us, are none in pain with hunger today, and none in fear of hunger for tomorrow? Do all children grow up fair of limb and trained for thought and action? Do none die before their time? Has the mastery over nature made men free to enjoy their lives and loves, and to live the higher life of the mind?

"You have made men wise. Are they wise or cunning? Have they learned to restrain their bodily passions? Have they learned to deal with their fellows in justice and love?

"You have set men free. Are there none, then, who toil for others against their will? Are all men free to do the work they love the best?

"You have made men one. Are there no barriers of class to keep man and maid apart? Do none rejoice in the cause that makes the many moan? Do men no longer spill the blood of men for their ambition, and the sweat of men for their greed?"

As the Spirit of the Nineteenth Century listened, his head sank to his breast.

"Your shame is already upon me," he said. "My great cities are as yours were; my millions live from hand to mouth. Those who toil longest have least. My thousands sink exhausted before their days are half spent. My human wreckage multiplies. Class faces class in sullen distrust. Their freedom and knowledge have only made men keener to suffer. Give me a seat among you, and let me think why it has been so."

The others turned to the Spirit of the First Century. "Your promised redemption is long in coming."

"But it will come," he replied.

281.

THE FOOL

There lived a fool.

For a long time he lived in peace and contentment; but by degrees rumors began to reach him that he was regarded on all sides as a vulgar idiot.

The fool was abashed and began to ponder gloomily how he might put an end to these unpleasant rumors.

A sudden idea, at last, illuminated his dull little brain. And, without the slightest delay, he put it into practice.

A friend met him in the street, and fell to praising a well-known painter.

"Upon my word!" cried the fool, "that painter was out of date long ago. You didn't know it? I should never have expected it of you. You are quite behind the times."

The friend was alarmed, and promptly agreed with the fool.

"Such a splendid book I read yesterday," said another friend to him.

"Upon my word!" cried the fool, "I wonder you're not ashamed. That book's good for nothing; everyone's seen through it long ago. Didn't you know it? You're quite behind the times."

This friend too was alarmed, and he agreed with the fool.

"What a wonderful man N. is!" said a third friend to the fool. "Now there's a really generous creature!"

"Upon my word!" cried the fool. "N.! N., the notorious scoundrel! He swindled all his relations. Everyone knows that. You're quite behind the times."

The third friend too was alarmed, and he agreed with the fool and deserted his friend. And whoever and

whatsoever was praised in the fool's presence he had the same retort for everything. Sometimes he would add reproachfully: "And do you still believe in authorities?"

"Spiteful! Malignant!" his friends began to say of the fool. "But what a brain!" "And what a tongue!" others would add. "Oh, yes, he has the talent."

It ended in the editor of a journal's proposing to the fool that he should undertake their reviewing column. And the fool fell to criticizing everything and everyone, without in the least changing his manner, or his exclamations.

Now he who once disclaimed against authorities is himself an authority, and the young men venerate him, and fear him.

And what else can they do? One ought not, as a general rule, to venerate anyone; but in this case, if one didn't venerate him, one would find oneself quite behind the times.

Fools have a good time among cowards.

282.

AMBITION

Once upon a time an angel flew over the earth and passed above a swampy forest. Where he was going or what he was seeking one cannot say, for the ways of angels are beyond man's understanding.

Now in the swamp lived a nixieman, a sort of strange water monster. He was hairless and naked with a skin like a frog's, and great staring eyes—an uneouth being. He lived in the water under the roots of great trees, where he fed upon the creeping things of the forest and made a muddy bed among the water-weeds. At night he would swim down deep into the water of the lake among the lily-pads. Here he would listen to the frogs

and try to imitate them. He may have been too dull to know happiness, but he was at least one of God's creatures.

But now the angel saw and pitied him. He came down into the depth of the forest and picked up the nixie. He rose higher and higher and left the forest. Then the nixie wondered to see how broad and fair the earth was—much greater and better than his home in the morasses. Finally they left the stars below them and went even as far as the gates of heaven. But the angel said to himself, "I have done enough for this foul creature!" So he let the nixie fall, and he fell down into the dismal forest, where he lay crushed and groaning.

The nixie had seen the gates of the heavenly city, and he could think of nothing else. So he dragged his broken body away from the water to the uplands. Here above him at night he could see the stars shining, and beyond he knew was the city. He crawled steadily upward. The sun was hot for a water creature. His body became dry and stiff and turned black. As he climbed heights nearer the sky, his way became brighter and harder. At last he could go no further.

Again the angel flew by and saw him. "He has seen the gates of heaven and is trying to climb to them!" thought the angel. So he picked him up and flew with him until they came again to the gates of heaven; then the nixieman forgot all he had suffered. But the angel said to himself, "This time he must be satisfied!" So he left the nixie and entered the city.

Is it not odd that such a monster should have such ambition? Perhaps you are wearied with the tale, for with you everything is fine and pleasant, and you are as far removed from the nixie as the angels are. Yet it might be interesting to you to learn how this strange

being with eyes made for darkness and a body made for living in filth was so foolish as to dream of entering heaven.

A LIST OF USEFUL BOOKS FOR STUDENTS OF THE VOICE AND ITS USE IN SPEECH

This list is not exhaustive nor exclusive. Books on the subject are legion and could not all be named. Those named are reliable and accurate. Students who use them should distinguish between English and American authors and usage. English speech and American speech are quite different, and statements that are right about one may be not right about the other.

The Voice—W. A. Aikin. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Natural Method of Voice Production—F. G. Muckey. Scribners.

The Organs of Speech—G. H. von Meyer. Appleton & Co.

The Elements of Experimental Phonetics—E. W. Scripture. Scribners.

An Introduction to Phonetics—Laura Soames. The Macmillan Co.

The Sounds of English—Henry Sweet. Oxford University Press.

The Sounds of Spoken English—Walter Rippman. Dutton & Co.

Lisping and Stammering—E. W. Scripture. Scribners.

The N. E. A. Alphabet with a Review of the Whipple Experiments—Raymond Weeks and others. The New Era Co.

The Standard of Pronunciation in English—T. R. Lounsbury. Harpers.

The Voice and Spiritual Education—Hiram Corson.
The Macmillan Co.

The Historical Study of the Mother Tongue—H. C.
Wyld. Murray, London.

The Growth and Structure of the English Language—
O. Jespersen.

A Modern English Grammar—O. Jespersen.

The two books by Jespersen may be obtained of G. C.
Stechert & Co., New York.

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